


HENRY SCOTT
HOLLAND

SOME
APPRECIATIONS



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

HECE.B
H

Henry Scott Holland

Some Appreciations

Edited with an Introduction by
Christopher Cheshire, M.A.

Warden of Liddon House, Priest-in-Charge of
Grosvenor Chapel, W., Editor of
The Commonwealth



450642
9-8-46

London :
Wells Gardner, Darton & Co. Ltd.
3 & 4, Paternoster Buildings, E.C. 4
And 44, Victoria Street, S.W. 1

1919



PRINTED BY G. W. WARDMAN, LETCHWORTH

INTRODUCTION

ALL the chapters in this little volume have appeared in the pages of *The Commonwealth* in 1918. My first wish after Canon Holland's death was to provide for the paper which he had edited through so many years some fitting record of his life in its manifold aspects. Naturally I drew upon some of his own familiar friends—a somewhat invidious task where familiar friends were so many and so true. So, here is the gathered result of the most kindly response to my invitation. Though bearing the marks of brevity and compression, as was inevitable seeing that they were written for a monthly magazine of limited dimensions, these chapters seemed too good not to be brought together in a more permanent form. Not everyone reads *Commonwealth*!

There is plan in the book. Each contributor regards his subject from a slightly different angle, so that the life is more or less covered in point of view of its main interests and characteristics.

What is written here is just a small and spontaneous tribute to one of our most brilliant and original thinkers, and one of the most fascinating personalities who has ever enriched our common life. Here and there in the various chapters the cold and

cautious will detect, possibly, exuberance of enthusiasm. But Canon Holland ever evoked enthusiasm in those who had the least intimacy with him. You could not but delight in the man (differ from him as you might) unless you happened to be constitutionally dismal and envious by nature. To be so ruled out all understanding of him. Then he became an enigma: an emotional rhetorist: a troublesome clergyman strayed into politics not quite nice for a clergyman!

I can only hope that this slender volume may, besides bringing back to many of his friends some memories of one who was to them both comrade and teacher, also tell others who knew him not how great and good and important he was. Few of us have, even now, realized Holland's intellectual bigness—that bigness which the seventh chapter in this book so vehemently asserts. It is a little mysterious—this failure to appreciate his commanding mental powers, and it is no small rebuke to us that it should be so. Original thought is all too rare with us. I sometimes think that Holland was too original for us; that we were too slow for him, too habituated to conventional thinking. Certain it is that his contributions to modern religion are not so familiar as they ought to be. To present his teaching to us in its fullness is the task of Canon Richmond.

Meanwhile what is written here may, I hope, in some degree stimulate its readers to turn to the many sermons and other occasional papers in which Canon Holland

gave forth his brilliant and distinctive message to the people of our age.

I have thought it good to append to this volume a list of some of the Canon's published theological work. Those who have spoken to us in this book are a sufficient guarantee of his place and worth as a thinker, and their aim has been, I am sure, to lead more of us to draw upon the inspiration of a deeply suggestive and gifted character.

CHRISTOPHER CHESHIRE.

SOME THEOLOGICAL WORKS

BY

HENRY SCOTT HOLLAND

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.:

THE CITY OF GOD AND THE COMING OF
THE KINGDOM.

LOGIC AND LIFE, with other Sermons.

CREED AND CHARACTER: Sermons.

PLEAS AND CLAIMS FOR CHRIST.

ON BEHALF OF BELIEF: Sermons preached
in St. Paul's Cathedral.

* CHRIST OR ECCLESIASTES: Sermons
preached in St. Paul's Cathedral.

FACTS OF THE FAITH.

GOOD FRIDAY: Being Addresses on the
Seven Last Words.

BROWN, LANGHAM & CO., LTD.

OLD AND NEW: Sermons.

WELLS GARDNER, DARTON & CO., LTD.

* VITAL VALUES.

FIBRES OF FAITH.

A. R. MOWBRAY & CO., LTD.

CREEDS AND CRITICS.

* These volumes are especially important.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	iii
<i>Rev. Christopher Cheshire</i>	
SOME THEOLOGICAL WORKS BY HENRY SCOTT HOLLAND	vi
I. A PORTRAIT	1
<i>The Bishop of Winchester</i>	
II. AT ST. PAUL'S	9
<i>Eleanor C. Gregory</i>	
III. FROM THE CHOIR BOY'S POINT OF VIEW	26
<i>Walter de la Mare</i>	
IV. AS REGIUS PROFESSOR	30
<i>The Dean of Christ Church, Oxford</i>	
V. AS A THEOLOGIAN	35
<i>The Bishop of Oxford</i>	
VI. H. S. H. AND LABOUR	42
<i>Rev. Canon F. Lewis Donaldson</i>	
VII. H. S. H. AND A YOUNGER GENERATION	54
<i>Rev. E. K. Talbot, C.F., M.C.</i>	
VIII. THE LOGIC OF FAITH	66
<i>Rev. Canon Wilfrid Richmond</i>	
IX. A FINAL APPRECIATION	80
<i>The Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell</i>	

I

A PORTRAIT

WHAT a portrait Holland might have drawn of himself, if only himself might have been someone else!

Holland by Holland: brilliancy by brilliancy: sympathy and imagination in sitter and painter! As it was, it is the very last thing that he would ever have done. I never knew a humbler man. Words of compliment or praise to himself seemed to drop off him: he whisked them away with a sort of mixture of dislike and embarrassment. But he had no difficulty (as his *Studies* have shown) in the praise of others; and in his portraits of them he revealed much of what was most characteristic of himself: the flashing insight, the illuminating imagination, the eager sympathy with every shape of goodness and truth, with every bloom of nature or of grace. There are books (one is not far to seek just now) which paint with vinegar, and seek their interest in irony over the defects of the good and great. Holland painted with the oil of charity, and when we criticized it was that he made his portraits seem often finer than the originals. But there was no fulsomeness in it. Such a word would be ridiculous and intolerable in connexion with him. It was just that he saw

the "high lights"—all that the man had it in him to be, wished to be, tried to be—and let the failures drop not out of the picture but into the shade.

But for us to sit down and write about him seems such dull pedestrian work.

That "there never was and never can be for us anyone the least like him" is what is said in a measure of each of the best and noblest of men by those who knew them from inside. But of Holland it seemed just the first, most natural, and inevitable thing to say, and many have said it.

What was it that caused this? Dissection is poor work, when what is sought is the secret of life, rich, sparkling, and abundant. But some things we can say.

(1) Character and cleverness (in its best sense) are the two things which make most difference to life. Where both are superlative and fuse together, so that the sense of both is constant, and it is hard to say which is felt most in intercourse from hour to hour, you have the best that friendship can give. It was so with him. Both were always there, unselfconscious, natural, fascinating. One may say something of both.

(2) I always felt that his distinctive mental gift was intellectual imagination. It gave its character to his thought; still more to his expression of it. It made his style, both in quality and in its defect. He saw everything vividly, in the concrete, flowing out into consequences, wrapping itself in clothing of form and colour. It was intellectual poetry. No doubt this baffled some minds: its rapid-

ity and flow distracted them : they were out-run by his nimbleness : they wanted to stop and ask what was the sterling value of the thought. He was too rhetorical for them. And, indeed, though Holland was an Englishman to the finger-tips, I always felt that the slow, reserved, unimaginative, prosaic mind, which is perhaps characteristically English, was specially liable to be puzzled and put off by him. Perhaps he was better to hear than to read, unless (as it was with myself) familiarity and love made one hear the voice and feel the man behind the print. For when he spoke the personal spell fired it all, though even here sometimes an audience would fail to catch on to the humour and the meaning. I remember vividly how, in the chair of a meeting, I listened to him describing, with a bubble of comedy, to the audience of a suburban parish and their refined and kindly vicar, the limitations of suburbanism. But (as in the memorable annual meetings of the Central African Mission, where the audience knew the main theme, and were ready for the ever-new variations) ideas were conveyed indelibly. For there was never anything slight or stale about the thought : he was always piercing to the marrow of his subject, always hailing the newest moves of thought or revealings of experience. Nor was the language ever tinsel. Without saying that there were never superfluous words or epithets (upon which the closest friend of Eton and Oxford, the scholarly and sweet-natured Stephen Fremantle, used, as we believed, sometimes, in the bright days before his early

death in 1873, to practise an excising pen), it was yet surprisingly true how, on the whole, the abundant phrasing, like the delicate numberless touches of the artist on the canvas, meant fullness of effect, gained by richness and accurate delicacy of delineation.

But if anyone thinks that Holland could not express himself with grave force in measured English, I would ask them to look back to his Romanes Lecture on Bishop Butler.

And as to the thought itself, anything less incoherent, impulsive, and irresponsible never was. I never knew anyone who knew better where he was, what he meant, and whither he was going. It was, I think, extraordinary that a mind so mobile and progressive, so responsive to the change of life and thought, should also have been so strongly based on the mental foundation, blended of philosophy and theology, which he gained in the maturity of his young manhood, when T. H. Green saw in him one who, if he retained his convictions, would be a leader in the Church of England. Both condition and result were fulfilled.

To me it always seemed that nothing was more characteristic of him mentally than his keen eye and sure foot. The sympathy, mental and personal, which was so abundant in his treatment of new thinking, never hindered the "pounce," which detected just where a principle was being ignored or betrayed. The great tradition of Christian Theology had no surer guardian or advocate. He was not very learned: health had forbidden the acquisition which his rapid per-

ception and splendid memory would have stored. But he knew the strategy of thought and was not easily taken off his guard. (Perhaps that was one reason why he had such a vivid interest in war, and would delight children in recitals of old campaigns.)

I have always wished to testify to this special power of his thinking: its strength and sureness. They were as characteristic as others, which were perhaps more readily recognized: and they were even more precious. The wonder was that a mind so conservative in a very deep sense should also be so responsive and alert to the new revealings in events and in the movements of thought: or, just reversing the matter, that a mind so dashing and fearless and accessible should rest so surely on the foundation, which, as he held, reason and faith, as two in one, had taught him to lay. I know that some of his younger friends had the feeling that when modern movements carried them on to some point of advance he was there already to greet them. I hope that all this of which I have spoken vaguely and allusively will be made clear when Canon Richmond attempts the estimate and exposition of his position as a thinker.

(3) But as to his character. It is a beautiful theme. Yet reverence for himself checks one's speech. His best friends knew how real and deep was his reserve; and that it was the reserve which belongs to the characters most deeply trained in the school of Christ: the reserve of one to whom all the things of vanity or pride or selfishness were

simply and instinctively abhorrent. His writings show what penitence meant to him, and to those of us who knew best the whiteness and purity of his soul and life nothing can teach more powerfully the reality to the saints and for us of that dread power which only the love of God through Christ and His Cross has availed to reveal and to conquer. There is no austerity which breaks down the guard of the soul like the austerity of the man upon whom the light seems always playing, who has the "abandon" of keen interest and ready sympathy. That was the way in which Holland was austere—with himself first and chiefly: but with others who knew how to understand. It was the austerity of his beloved St. John. And it was, at least, a principal element in his reserve. But if I have intentionally put this first, it is to leave me free to speak (if only I could) of that which everyone could see, in which we all basked, and in which his friends were always finding fresh depth and force. I mean, of course, the open-hearted, generous, wide lovingness, which, in freedom from trammelling self, went out on all sides to give and to receive. It was ready for all: the comrades and pupils of Oxford days, the children—how splendid he was with children!—(I never could make out which of my own adored him most)—the choir boys at St. Paul's, the girl facing her marriage-crisis, the young mother, the friends whose responsibilities and sorrows he understood, and shared, and lightened, the companion in the third-class carriage, and, not

least, the soldier, into whose life, despite his loathing of war and its iniquities, he entered with almost martial ardour.

It was for all : and it meant more than geniality : it meant the deeper things of sympathy, quick insight into others' lives, keen interest in the various doings and experiences of humanity, and reverence everywhere for human value. Some reflection and record of this, it is good to feel, will be found for those who knew him, and even for some who did not, incidentally in his sermons, and in such letters as it is thought good to publish. But rose-leaves plucked are not the rose with the glint of sun upon its dew ; and there was a something about Holland's self, with the quick, responsive flash of his eye, the gush of his words, the glow of his affection, which to us, his friends, was like nothing else in the world, and in spite of ill-health, and a profound sense of the world's burthens and cares, was unfailing in readiness and vitality.

So much range, with such depths : so much play and poetry, with such strength and centredness of thought : so much outpouring sympathy, with such fervent instincts of disgust and rebuke and scorn of anything that was mean, or tainted, or unworthy, these seem to me some of the things which went furthest to characterize one whom it seems foolish to attempt to describe.

I have left untouched the deeper things of his thought and theology. But, as one who was only a very little older contemporary, I should not like to end without a word to

acknowledge the prophetic quality that helped and quickened us. There was something of the prophet's *foresight* in the way in which he detected coming issues, and the demands that they were bringing. The Christian Social Union was the herald of all the coming social movement and of its new challenges (how slowly heard and acknowledged) to Christian life in the Church. He was in the van, with Lightfoot and his own beloved chief, Wilkinson, in the White Cross and Social Purity campaign. Before the days of Settlements he took us down to Hoxton. He caught, while some of us lagged, the inspiration of the Women's movement, however repulsive to him were some outbursts of it. He was prophetic, too, in *insight*, watching, divining, interpreting the currents of life. And he was prophetic in *intensity*. What he discerned he felt: its significance, or awe, or pathos. The thing which he brought out had first entered deeply into the chambers of his heart and conscience and imagination and will. Glowing there it came forth to kindle and inspire.

Thanks be to God for His beautiful and most precious gift. *Vivens homo gloria Dei.*

EDW. WINTON.

II

AT ST. PAUL'S

AT the evening service in St. Paul's Cathedral, on Sunday, December 28, 1873, the sermon was preached (so far as is known) for the only time by a deacon. That deacon was Henry Scott Holland. So began his long and glorious connexion with St. Paul's, and with that part of the great city hitherto cheerfully ignored by him—"London, which for so long used to end at Charing Cross," he once said. After 1884, when Mr. Gladstone gave him a Canonry at St. Paul's, the remark remained as true as before: but with the centre of gravity shifted.

Succeeding Dr. Stubbs, and coming to live side by side with Dr. Liddon and Canon Gregory, he was the first to follow the latter's lead, and to throw in his lot wholeheartedly with cathedral life; instead of dividing his year with one or other University, or with the responsibilities of a parish in London or elsewhere. A second whole-time Canon consolidated and extended the work of cathedral-building in a way that was part of the ideal of the original reformers: but by methods opening up new horizons, and constantly charged with fresh life and elasticity.

The hero and personal friend of both,

Mr. Gladstone could not have done Mr. Holland a greater service than sending him to serve St. Paul's under Dean Church. There was not a man alive with whom he would have preferred to be associated : nor at whose feet he was more anxious to sit. The six years of their common life at the Cathedral, broken as these were, through the Dean's failing health, by months of absence in France and the south of England, were all too short. The personal loss of so intimate a guide and friend was extremely acute. Canon Holland always shared in the poignant pleasure of Cardinal Newman's visits to the Deanery ; making a further link between him and the older Tractarians. Coming in, as he did, at a point where the outlines and limits of the movement could be measured and appreciated, its great gap on the human side was extremely apparent to him. The work of Christ's visible Church lay as much in the service of Maurice and Kingsley as in the ministry of Pusey and Keble. The Tractarians having secured an increasing acceptance for the one, the far more difficult and ecclesiastically unpopular task of welding it to the other lay before the generous spirits of the younger generation.

Towards Dr. Liddon he had already, at Christ Church, assumed the position of a junior colleague. There had begun, and in Amen Court was continued, that "habit of dear Liddon's which nearly wrecked me, of fetching me late at night to walk with him till 12 or 1." It was not a very good

plan for anyone who required and depended on as much sleep as Canon Holland did. That the period when this delightful but exhausting tax was levied would only last a month at a time was the saving of the situation.

Relations between the two men have been so much misrepresented that the words of one who loved and admired both, and knew the position from the inside, should be received without reserve as a statement of the truth. After Canon Holland's acceptance of the Canonry, Dr. Liddon (by whose appointment he had preached first in St. Paul's, in 1873, and again on Easter Day evening, 1876) "took him up into the pulpit and pointed out to him how best to pitch his voice so as to carry as far as possible in the great space of the Dome. Soon after Scott Holland's first residence a friend of both sat next the older Canon at dinner, and asked how he thought it had gone off, and Liddon, after speaking of him in the warmest of terms, added, 'But my young colleague has yet to learn the exceedingly limited capacities of an ordinary St. Paul's congregation.' That is the explanation of much that followed. Holland's congregations were less and less the 'ordinary' people as time went on. The throngs who for years had been attracted by Liddon's silvery eloquence and owed all to him, could, many of them, 'see nothing in' the preaching of the new Canon, and tried to set up a rivalry between them, and were very jealous when, gradually, so many of the most intellectual and

cultivated men and women in London were seen regularly in the Cathedral when Scott Holland preached, and found not only great oratory of a different order, but a new and inspired prophet. Perhaps no one who had not a strain of philosophy in his 'make up' could quite fully understand him. There was no rivalry between the men themselves, and even when the publication of *Lux Mundi* revealed wide divergences in opinion, Liddon, though grieved at what he thought the defection of some of his best pupils, never cared less for them personally, and the relations between them at the end of his life were happy and affectionate as ever."

At the death of Dr. Liddon in 1889 there passed away the last Professor Canon. An era of Suffragan-Bishop Canons followed: and in the house at 2, Amen Court, vacated when Canon Gregory stepped across to the Deanery, there followed, more or less rapidly, Dr. Browne in 1891, made Bishop of Stepney in 1895, and Bishop of Bristol in 1897; Dr. Winnington Ingram, Bishop of Stepney in 1897, made Bishop of London in 1901; and Dr. Lang, Bishop of Stepney in 1901, made Archbishop of York in 1909. The resignation of Archdeacon Gifford in 1889 had made way for Bishop Temple's appointment to the Archdeaconry of Dr. Sinclair. Canon Newbolt, Dr. Liddon's successor at 3, Amen Court, laden with memories, is the sole link between the past, of which we now speak, and the present.

Nothing could illustrate more vividly the

generosity and brotherliness of Henry Scott Holland's great soul than the perfect relations which existed for those twenty years, from 1890 to 1910, between him and his Dean and brother Canons in Amen Court. More than one of them worshipped at very different shrines politically. They held their convictions, as he did, with passionate tenacity. They abhorred, as he did, convictions of the opposite colour. But, though he must not infrequently have been tried, even provoked, never once can any of his colleagues remember the breaking of his splendid self-restraint, the overclouding of his radiant good temper. Canon Newbolt writes: "He was thoroughly loyal to the principle of Cathedral or community life. I hold most strongly that the voice of the Cathedral pulpit should as far as possible be one; and that no member of the Chapter ought to preach *in the Cathedral* doctrines or opinions such as another member might reasonably controvert; saving always the principles of the Faith. There are plenty of places and channels open elsewhere. Holland was splendid in this. He held political and social opinions which many of us disagreed with; but I never heard him, even under great provocation, say anything which could reasonably provoke disapproval of that kind. His was the social comrade spirit, which made him an ideal member of a Chapter where each has to give and take in forming the atmosphere of a common influence and a common life." A common life. That was the secret. Common to

them all, though more profoundly imagined and more vividly set forth by some than by others, was the determination to make St. Paul's the living expression of a fullness of worship, a fullness of service, whereto each should contribute in his measure; lifting it, by the devotion of its servants and by the fusion of varied elements in one united purpose, into a larger thing than the sum of their several lives. This involved the subordination of personal and subsidiary aims to one common effort, one common loyalty. The Cathedral came first. It was what they were there for. Not as a convenient background, nor as a private enhancement, but as a great, visible idea, shaped and informed by a spiritual life whose volume and density alone could keep it abreast of every living need, advancing through the pressure of fresh ideals, and sensitive to new demand and new development. Should this development once yield to arrest, *plus c'est la même chose, plus ça change*.

Inevitably the private life of this band of men, and of their belongings, showed the same happy fellowship. Canon Holland was a prince of neighbours. Gay little visits, gay little notes, were continually exchanged; excuses and repentance were poured forth whenever a cold ("I am still entirely enclosed in my own fat"), a bad night, or an incursion of outside affairs prevented his keeping an appointment. "Horror! The walls are closing in around me. I foresee a desperate End. In order to forestall it, and to mitigate your just indignation, might I

look in for a slight, elegant, and rapid luncheon to-day? Then we could organize the future and dismiss the past."

It was contrary to all good feeling for any of us to leave London for more than a day or two, without taking leave, and giving an account of ourselves. The common bond was close and binding, and was acknowledged to hold good in all relations. For how long, in the later years, was it not a familiar sight to see one of the Canons arming the Dean to his door, accompanied by any of the others who had been at Matins or Evensong; and then returning, a happy little bunch of men, to Amen Court!

Part of the duty of a neighbour, as Canon Holland conceived it, was to share his pleasures. And as few pleasures were to him more acute than Browning study, this was shared with many about whom he might reasonably have thought it not worth while to trouble. What numbers of these, choir-boys, self-centred young women, all and sundry, now rise up and call him blessed! On one occasion he received Browning at his own house. A musical young friend had set some of the less well-known short lyrics to music; and the great poet himself consented to hear them sung at a little party in 1, Amen Court, with Dean Church as its chief ornament. It was a day of great joy and pleasantness. Shortly afterwards Canon Holland brought out *Christ and Ecclesiastes*, the volume of sermons where he interpreted Browning in terms of theology; and wrote to the young musician:

"You set him to music: I set him to poor, flat, homely prose. But we both do our best for him."

Small and intimate occasions were the note of Canon Holland's continual hospitality, rather than larger parties or gatherings; partly, it may be, because at these he both gave and received greater pleasure. With all his astonishing brilliance, he was yet not possessed of the *salon* gift; and except with a group of friends who were all of equal intimacy, he was curiously unable to talk to more than one person at a time. Neither could he be relied on to play up when we introduced a new acquaintance. To use the common form of approach, "So-and-so is very anxious to know you," so softening, so commending to the commonplace lion, would have been asking for trouble. But even when quite innocent of any desire except the hope of mutual pleasure, we were sometimes puzzled by this or that choice spirit receiving less attention than we desired.

It has been sometimes thought that his kindness blinded him to his friends' defects and weak points. This fatuous conception was doomed to wither instantly before a chance remark, dropped very occasionally, kindly and allowance-making, but revealing in a flash how penetrating, how discerning of motive or pretence, was his insight. It seems to be hard for us to believe in the sight of a man who is not always telling us all he sees.

Alike at home and in the Cathedral, Canon

Holland had no greater delight and refreshment than music. If he could not get it made for him in his house by a friend, a neighbour, a choir-boy, a secretary, he would make it for himself; and on summer evenings, with the windows open, strains from the little red volumes he entitled "The Simple-minded Organist" would float through Amen Court. The invitation, "Come to a concert," found an instant response. Voice, piano, strings, orchestra, modern music, Bach Choir, all had their turn; and were eagerly and generously criticized. Hole-picking was not so much to his mind as grateful understanding.

In St. Paul's, although the office of Precentor does not carry responsibility for the service lists, this delight in music was heightened by his actual official connexion with its production. Little notes of congratulation to all concerned would run round after a newly adapted Palestrina Mass, for example; or a specially glorious Passion Music. His joy in an anthem would be flashed across stalls and choir to a sympathizer. "The Collects for the Queen and Royal Family," he once said, "are the bannisters whereby you slide back to earth in time to pray for the clergy." Once, during the singing of Hiller's "All they that trust in Thee, Lord," the point had been reached where, on a high discord, "all such as turn back to their own wickedness" are left suspended over the pit, before the final movement, where "peace descends upon Israel." In the pause after the crash, the

Dean had placidly shut his book, preparatory to sliding his fingers through his white hair as he immersed himself in prayer, "as content to leave them there," Canon Holland said afterwards, "as if they had been the School Board."

To set an ideal of worship for that generation, to be the centre for the national expression of religion, these were the aims of the whole Chapter. That ideals of worship vary and develop with men's changing needs is easily forgotten, alike by those who scornfully repudiate the phases of the past, and by those who think that to crystallize a phase is to domesticate a standard. As regards the second of these aims, the long list of special occasions of joy and sorrow, when not only the nation but the commonwealth of nations under the British flag have met together in St. Paul's during these twenty-seven years, brings English history into the temple of God. The Diamond Jubilee; the blessing of the C.I.V.'s when starting for South Africa; memorial services for the long roll of those who fell there in the Boer War; the great Peace Service at its close; the week of mourning for Queen Victoria, when daily, without bidding or invitation, the people trooped in to fill every corner of the building, confident that the right word would be said, the right thing done, to express what was too great for them, individually, to say: the thanksgiving after the Pan-Anglican Conference, when there was not one soul in the congregation whose heart was not set on the coming of

the Kingdom of God; and the most outwardly gorgeous of all, when the Michael and George Chapel was dedicated; each of these trails its own separate cloud of reminiscence and remembrance. Things to come will have their own glory: but there are glories of the past that will never be outshone.

The capacity for seizing the essential in a situation did not fail Canon Holland in dealing with his share of the arrangements, and the tickets, and all the minor details of these events, any more than with matters of moment and high thought. Finding that the official charged with carrying out the seating arrangements for the Diamond Jubilee had spent the whole of one precious morning "merely in writing the names of twelve Nonconformist ministers on twelve of the Bishops' special cards," Canon Holland set himself, with one or two *aides* to days of office work, "actively hindered" by various well-meaning individuals, and reducing all complications to a working order. An unsuspected talent indeed! The "old Dome," spectator, one may almost say recipient, of these occasions, was like a living thing to him. It brooded and looked on, patient of the coming and going of the small, undiscriminated creatures who swarmed beneath it; it embraced and held and accepted the ascending sounds that filled it. "Home again, Dome again," was the refrain of "The Song of Paule's Children," a school song he wrote for the choir-boys. "We sing as of old," he wrote to a distant friend, "under the big Dome: and the boys are

brilliant as ever : and the music still soars and sinks and pulses and shakes with the old divine and glamorous charm : and it is still as if some echo of angels hung about the place, so heart-speaking is the sweet sound. And the organ rolls and tumbles and fills every corner with throbbing, delicious noises : and the great final chords grow and increase and boom and expand, following one out of the West door with clinging attachment, as if it were impossible to say the last good-bye. So good it is !” From Oxford in the last years, he used to write with a wistful hankering after “the pealing trumpets of St. Paul’s.”

To the eager appreciation of the choir-boys’ singing he added a readiness to be of service to them, an interest in what they made of themselves that never changed nor flagged. Instead of incorporating here the words of one of the most distinguished of them, they are given, as their authorship commands, a place to themselves. At the annual events of the Choir School he was always there, taking part. Hot, untiring, at the athletic sports he cheered, he held tapes, he shouted advice and encouragement to all and sundry : “Come on, Tubby,” to a rotund little stranger, puffing in at the head of a visitors’ race. Victors came to him for congratulation, vanquished for consolation. In his own young days he had known much about these things, had jumped his own height, had run up a haystack to the top. Little more than a year ago a London doctor whom some friends had called in to advise about a

trouble with his knee, had spoken with enthusiasm of his build: "Such a wonderful frame; so splendidly knit!"

Of his speeches at the Choir School prize-giving, two stand out. The great occasion when the school had beaten a football team from a public school, because of their superior control of breath learnt in singing exercises, furnished the text for a setting forth of the necessity for control, for discipline, in the service of any high art; and of the highest art, the service of the worship of God. The other was upon what should be forgotten, no less important than what should be remembered: "Can there be anyone more annoying than the person who always remembers the wrong thing? It is a part of true education to know what you may safely forget."

Canon Holland as Precentor "did a great and real work," writes Canon Newbolt: "he turned what is only an honorary post into a real and useful one. He was of the greatest help in dealing with delicate questions regarding the *personnel* of the choir; and with critical points of musical devotion, sometimes under great difficulties." Occasionally in administrative work, it must be confessed, his generosity outran his justice; for it cannot be accepted as an axiom that the man in the wrong is always right.

For twenty-seven years, with occasional breaks, such as his absence on the Mission of Help in South Africa, with Bishop Wilkinson, in 1903; or now and then from ill-health, he preached in St. Paul's on Sun-

day afternoons in the months of January, May, and September. Also for many years, under a system now obsolete, on the Festival of St. John the Divine and on the third Wednesday in Lent. These dates and months were held in the hearts of those who counted themselves disciples. His preaching indeed did not appeal to anyone without some love of metaphysics. A number of persons were irritated by his manner. A still larger number of honest and sincere Christians are not attracted by a style that suggests more than it develops, and that always gives the hearer a full share of work to do. Some of us, like hens, have to scratch for our grain if we are to get the full benefit. For the rest of us, our food must be poured, unmistakable and undeflected, into the trough. For the former class, those who learn more by suggestion and implication than by a realized chain of teaching, those who crave long views and wide horizons for the setting forth of the Divine purpose, those also who, for the relief of any present distress, need to have their ideals harnessed to the perplexities of their day and generation, there has not been, and will not be again, so dear a teacher, so firing a message. At the end of every three months they saw, as it were with a sigh of joy, the flight of the familiar figure up the pulpit stairs; heard the quick-flung "Let us pray. O God, forasmuch . . ."; and the musical, rich voice, often raising the echoes far too much; the rapid, pouring utterance that was always the despair of reporters; noted the

free movement, the ample gesture, never truncated nor mechanical; and thanked God for His great gifts to them. Speaking on a platform there would be, in addition, the cock of the eyebrow as he set the audience rocking; and the swift darkening of the eyes as he turned—equally at home, whether through laughter or through touching the secret springs of adventure and devotion, in all the things of his Father—to the great purpose running unswervingly through his every activity, his witness to the word of God and the testimony of Jesus Christ.

When not in residence he preached constantly up and down the country; mostly, when in London, in the obscurer kind of church that does not figure in a newspaper list. Often he made mistakes through losing his engagement book, and went at the wrong time or not at all. Once he had gone down to the country to preach, as he understood, on a Sunday evening. During Matins, while singing the hymn before the sermon, the idle wonder crossed his mind who was going to preach. No one passed over to the pulpit. He noticed the eyes of the choir turning towards him, but did not accept the objectionable inference. "At last the parson moved up to me and said, 'It is time to go into the pulpit.' Seizing my Bible, I fled up the stairs. I had not the *least idea* what I was going to preach about. I opened my Bible at random and read the first verses I came across, very slowly, while I thought. They were about Judas. There was an old couple just below who were diligently hunting up the text.

Suddenly a sermon I had preached a fortnight before came back to me and I nearly said to them, 'My dear good people, it doesn't matter in the slightest whether you find that text or not, for what I am going to say has nothing whatever to do with Judas.'

Preaching was the only form of self-revelation he ever practised. He literally hated to talk about himself. Yet there was no artificial avoidance of "I" and "me" by the well-worn "one," nothing to interfere with the feeling of interchange so necessary to friendship. Affection, loyalty, he cared to have, and counted on. In return he gave not only sympathy or advice or time or pains, he gave himself. But always the thing he received was the more wonderful. "I think you did not know," he wrote many years ago, "how much the death of — meant to me, did you? Ever since she arrived in Oxford a very young wife, we had a deep and intimate affection which grew to the end. She was one of those wonderful women who buoy one up by absolute faith in every single thing one says or does. It is hopelessly misplaced, and absurdly wrong: but devoted loyalty like that *does* force one to do better, and live more happily than one otherwise would." His marvellous faculty of self-giving has been thought to have interfered with the intellectual monument he might have reared to himself. His habit of "giving himself away in small change" did not conduce to his concentrating upon the expression of that strong and informed philosophy of

which he was the master. They who feel this a loss may omit to remember that before being a philosopher he was primarily and essentially an evangelist. He had and he held a good news of such high joy, of such exceeding width and breadth and depth and height, that it was woe to him should anything come in front of his sharing it with any and every creature. He accepted the standard of values of his Master, Who, to a Samaritan woman, gave Himself, in a revelation refused to the wise and prudent.

Harnack has said: "Every great personality reveals a part of what it is only when seen in others whom it influences. The more powerful the personality a man possesses, the less can the sum total of what he is be known by what he himself says and does." Thankfully we explain by this the failure and despair of our utmost effort to picture and convey what Henry Scott Holland was and said and looked and did. He is greater undescribed, incommunicable, than if we could wield his own wonderful pen; or than if he had built himself a little house of thought, and called it after his own name. Nothing that can be spoken, nothing that can be written, can get near his magic. We are left thanking God for Personality, the ultimate word for philosophy, the Word of the Wisdom of God.

In the light of this Wisdom has his great spirit been unfolding since that Sunday morning in March, 1918, when "all the trumpets sounded on the Other Side."

ELEANOR C. GREGORY.

III

FROM THE CHOIR BOY'S POINT OF VIEW

THE life of the individual chorister is not a very long one. Six years, perhaps, sees his complete generation come and go. He passes from childhood, through boyhood, out into the world, and is gone. Yet the little brook of Paule's Children—as any regular visitor to the Cathedral will realize—apparently streams on without change. Canon Scott Holland watched it and watched over it and mingled with it and loved it. For this very reason it is even more difficult to describe what he was to the boys in general, than to suggest what he was to one of them—ages ago—in particular.

Between the young and most grown-ups an almost impassable gulf is fixed. It was not so with him. You could and did pour out all your small troubles, hopes, difficulties, and "ideas" to him, sure of his sympathy, help, and counsel. He had the rare power, the insight and understanding, to be for the moment in such communion the other person—yourself. The smallest of small boys, therefore, felt secure in his company; unafraid of absurdity, exalted yet at ease. He never took you too seriously, which is an invaluable discipline. On the other hand he never conde-

scended, or made light of the problems that may afflict the youngest mind. He gave confidence, he made articulate: a word and a smile—he understood. The writer remembers once pleading with him for a sovereign wrinkle—it was, indeed, in the time of roses—for winning “the hundred yards.” His answer was: put one small leg as far and as fast as possible in front of the other, and then the other in front of the one, and continue the process until the race is over. Whether you win or honourably lose any of life’s races, what other counsel is necessary? Humour, a tender gaiety and raillery, lightened and coloured all his wisdom; but in the midst of it the gravest and most penetrating glance would suddenly shoot out, stay the mind, and arrest the attention. The feeblest spark in a fellow-creature kindled his enthusiasm. He was the happy enemy of sententiousness and make-believe and mere ceremony. To him all men—so long as they were not irretrievably lower than the angels—were equal. “Boy” in the abstract therefore did not exist for him—the “Boy” on whom shaltnots are showered more freely than half-crowns. In his company was himself and you only; and the whole wide world for playground and exploration. He not only gave life to knowledge, but could piece that knowledge on, fragment by fragment, to the small patch of it you could precariously call your own. He stilled too, never broke through, a daydream; did not insist on the rolling stone producing moss. So, to see him with astonishing agility come flying up

the Western steps when Great Paul was knelling out the last five minutes before service, to exchange a smile with him—yes, even in church!—across the deep cool space of the chancel, to snatch a word or two of talk, lightened the whole day—and whatever the wiseacre may say, school-days are not all peace and joy and clouds of glory; while to share his Sunday-breakfast sausages was a feast not only for the body (which is quite a reasonable proportion of “Boy”) but for heart and wits.

Bishops, archbishops, and other dignitaries came and went. A reprehensible memory recalls them with awe, with reverence, with similar emotions; but alas! rather faintly and remotely. They might win a boy's loyalty, engage his wondering speculation, and sink into his affection, but in a sense they dwelt apart. Canon Holland, in the strangest, in an indescribable, fashion, was the “secret sharer” of one's happiness, an assurance, a beckoning. He could divine. He could spirit one out of, and, better still, into, oneself. His was the genius to give and evoke life. That vivid speech, that instant grasp of what the stumbling tongue meant to say, the gift he had for filling and animating the moment, for bestowing hope and courage and peace—the memory of all this comes back, lives on in one's life, though thirty years and more may have streamed on in between. It is very questionable if men—the spirit within—grow older, though there is little doubt that their poor bones do. *He* grew younger—he never lost the intense

gravity, the livingness and impulse of childhood. His influence therefore cannot cease throughout their lives to bless the small boys whose inestimable good fortune it was to be, in the reallest meaning of the word, his contemporaries at St. Paul's. For many of them, indeed, even to enter its echoing tranquillity once more, is strangely and truly to find him "come back."

WALTER DE LA MARE.

IV

AS REGIUS PROFESSOR

DR. HOLLAND'S tenure of the Regius Professorship was a comparatively short one, and for nearly half of it war conditions prevailed in the University. The post of Regius Professor of Divinity is an important one in the University, and Dr. Holland came to it with a great reputation. He had not, it is true, written any large book on any of the special questions under discussion among theologians: he was no specialist in criticism or history. But he had had a number of years' experience in teaching theology before he went to St. Paul's: and his whole view of things rose out of his theology. He had built up, one may say, a system in full consciousness of the various problems which were involved, and his deepest conviction was that the theological point of view was the only one which could be trusted to solve the practical problems of the world. No theological questions were purely abstract: they all had their practical side, with a direct bearing on the spiritual and social life of men.

The public work of a professor in Oxford lies in two separate departments—the Board of the Faculty and the lecture room. The present writer was not a member of the

Board at any time during Dr. Holland's tenure of the chair, nor was he able to attend the Professor's lectures. For the most part of what follows, therefore, he is dependent upon information kindly supplied by others.

(1) It was hardly disputed by any resident member of the University that the conditions of the Degrees in Divinity were in pressing need of reform. For all other degrees, especially for Doctorates, the statutes prescribe a somewhat exacting standard: for the Degrees in Divinity there is no prescribed standard at all. Certain dissertations are required: but the statute does not in so many words empower the Professor, to whom alone is assigned the duty of pronouncing upon them, to reject a thesis, however incompetent or heretical, or to fix any standard of attainment. By great good fortune, the statute does not absolutely prohibit the Professor from rejecting a bad dissertation, or from consulting others upon subjects needing expert knowledge. Dr. Holland availed himself of this loophole, and has done much in the short time he held the chair to raise the standard of the Degrees. There can, however, be no question that the statute requires drastic alteration, if the Degrees are to possess any value.

(2) The Degrees in Divinity are closed to all persons who are not in Priest's Orders (*nemo admittatur, nisi qui in sacrum Presbyterorum ordinem prius fuerit admissus*). Soon after his coming into residence, Dr. Holland initiated in the Board of the Faculty

a proposal to throw open the Degrees. The proposal was accepted by the Board, by the Hebdomadal Council, and by the Congregation of the University. But the crudely democratic methods which prevail in the University place the final decision in all matters with the whole body of graduates—resident and non-resident. Convocation was summoned, and the proposal was rejected by the largest majority seen in Oxford since the Tractarian days.

(3) In more recent years, Dr. Holland has been prominent in the support of two other matters of great importance to the study of theology in Oxford. At his last appearance as a speaker in Congregation he commended to the University the establishment of a diploma in theology. This will be awarded under certain conditions of residence, after examination in theological subjects. The list of these is less extensive than that for the Honour School of Theology: but the scheme implies theological study of an advanced character, and great hopes are entertained of its usefulness when the normal conditions of the University are restored. One of the most pressing questions in connexion with theological study is the training of candidates for Holy Orders. There is a strong feeling that some provision should be made for this purpose in Oxford. Dr. Holland took a great part in the development with this end in view: but this has not yet come into effect.

As a lecturer Dr. Holland did not attract a large class: he lectured on central pro-

blems of theology, rather than subjects which are useful for the schools. He was always interested in the connexion of natural and revealed religion: in the historical basis of the faith, and its relation to Christian doctrine: in the ethical results of Christianity. The subjects of lectures announced by him reflect these interests. It is in this part of his work that the war has caused the most serious disturbance. He always exercised a wonderful attraction upon the undergraduates who came in contact with him: and, if it had not been for the war, one can hardly doubt that he would have come to his own, and would have been recognized as the great teacher he really was.

Two other more public actions may be mentioned. Shortly after Dr. Holland came to the chair the question of miracles was brought into public discussion. Dr. Holland held a meeting in his house to discuss the subject. As a result a series of essays were contributed to the *Guardian*, and afterwards published in book form. Dr. Holland himself contributed three of these. At the time of the National Mission Dr. Holland gave a course of addresses on the subject of the Mission to graduates in the Chapel of Hertford College. This was very largely attended, and there is probably nothing that he did as Professor which impressed the senior members of the University so forcibly with the idea of his power and inspiration.

It is a great thing to have had Dr. Holland in the chief theological chair even for so short and broken a time. Theology is not

merely a science : it is a nest of sciences : a comprehensive view of life to which all special sciences contribute according to their power. This was, perhaps, the leading principle in Dr. Holland's exposition of this subject, and there was never a time when this view of it was more necessary. It is hoped that some of his addresses and lectures may yet see the light, and enable a wider circle of students to know how great a professor has been among us.

T. B. STRONG.

V

AS A THEOLOGIAN

IT remains a tragedy, after all that can be said, that Henry Scott Holland should have passed off this earth without leaving behind him any adequate witness to his greatness as a theologian—such a witness, I mean, as can be borne only by a theological work of large scope. There is something wrong with us that so many of our men of different kinds of intellectual excellence pass away leaving such slender record of their best thought. In some cases such failure appears to be due to a lack of the power of decision or a failure of courage to face criticism. Nothing of this kind, however, could be ascribed to Holland. In other cases it is due to a lack of what the French call *recueillement*—the power to collect oneself for continuous and concentrated work. In Holland's case something like this was present, due to ill-health from early manhood, which, indeed, deprived him of none of his brilliancy, but did deprive him of the capacity for sustained literary work. The result is much to be regretted. In our time we get a little weary of "studies," "sketches," articles, sermons, which, indeed, are suggestive enough, but fail inevitably at the point where suggestion should pass into the review

of all the facts, and the full, free, argument and the weighty conclusion.

Nevertheless, Holland had the qualities of a great theologian. I am persuaded that our intellectuals suffered themselves to be deluded by the rhetorical appearance of his pages into not taking him seriously as a thinker or a student. Yet there was in him a profound philosophical and theological mind, which worked not so much by discursive argument as by a form of intuition, which, nevertheless, had taken account of all the facts and of the arguments of others and had read with remarkable thoroughness works of all kinds, tearing the heart out of their pages and "discerning the spirits" with extraordinary insight. And his mind was pre-eminently original; so much so that there seemed to be nothing in him second-hand—no borrowed goods at all.

Thus when a student at Balliol he was largely influenced by T. H. Green, but never enslaved. For Green's idealism left his pupils with an unhappy feeling that if Kant's unknowable "thing-in-itself" had been rightly dismissed as a meaningless postulate, yet in the process the real thing in itself, knowable, actual, and there present, as a permanent part of solid Nature, had been somehow reduced in Green's argument into an unsubstantial shadow in a world where all is mind. But when Holland began to expand his philosophical basis in his early sermons (published in *Logic and Life*) he appeared as an emphatic realist. It is the objective world of fact that interests him,

and in correspondence with external reality that he finds the function of the reason. No one was less satisfied with any a priori reasoning. And his intellectual joy was in examining the fact till the idea in it revealed itself to him. This is what in ordinary life made his conversation so astonishingly interesting. He was always getting at and interpreting with wonderful sureness the inner heart of the facts. This, again, was what made him at home at once in the theology of the Incarnation, which is the perfect synthesis of idea and fact—the Word made flesh. This, again, is what made him such a discerning and sure interpreter of the Synoptic Gospels, and gave him so living an apprehension of our Lord's method in founding a Church. This, once more, made him such an unrivalled interpreter of St. John. For there, in St. John, you have at once the absorption of the whole man in certain spiritual ideas and powers: and also the whole-hearted welcome of the principle of the Incarnation—that it is only in the facts visible, tangible, objective, communicable, that the ideas can be found and the powers conveyed. Holland rejected, as utterly alien to the truth, the modernist idea that the writer of the Fourth Gospel was an allegorist who was indifferent to the truth of facts. On the contrary, he insisted, his whole soul clung to facts. His "spiritual" Gospel is nothing if not historical. He lived in the memory of the facts—not only of the great central fact of our Lord's life, but of the tiny details also, however hardly they can be

won to suggest a spiritual meaning, simply by their association in his memory with the historical Person and His redemptive powers. Holland's intense sympathy with St. John was expressed first in the sermons at the beginning of *Creed and Character*, and his profound understanding of our Lord's method of founding a Church is shown in the sermons that follow. In these early sermons there appears already a certain decisive criticism to which, I am persuaded, our modernist scholars have paid far too little heed. There they should have discovered a real master, whose insight would have prevented their saying half the things they have said about the Fourth Gospel, and about the method of Christ. Only seemingly the message never got to them in a form in which they could appreciate it.

As will have been evident from what I have said, Holland was firmly orthodox. There was, indeed, in him no touch of obscurantism and blank submission to a mere dogma. His vigorous and very modern intellect would have found such blank submission, and any limitation of free inquiry, difficult indeed. But he found no such demand for blank submission, and no suspicion of free inquiry, in the New Testament or in the Greek Fathers. He found, indeed, something quite different—the joy of the intellect in the Light which shines to emancipate it from the ignorance and bewilderment of sin.

Holland, then, was strongly orthodox at every point on which modern controversy has raged. More decisively orthodox pro-

bably than most men suspected—in part, perhaps, because his intense sympathy with individuals led him to qualify his critical judgments with so much personal appreciation that their real trenchancy did not appear.

And this mention of his sympathy with persons leads me to the last point in Holland's intellectual equipment as a theologian that I desire to notice. His sketches of men whom he had known, published in *The Commonwealth* and elsewhere, and reprinted in *A Bundle of Memories* and *Personal Studies*, fascinated a great many people. Possibly they were too appreciative—not quite sufficiently judicial. But, at any rate, they showed a wonderful power of appreciating personality, and they are rooted in a philosophical principle—that intellect or reason is not an abstract quality, but a function of personality, and is essentially and at bottom inseparable from the whole action of personality, and, accordingly, from the willing and feeling in which the personality shows itself. Like Tertullian, and some other early Christians, he rejected any idea of the reason or intellect in man as if it could be put into opposition to the emotions and the will. Nay, he said, in his early sermon on "The Venture of Reason," we reason in feeling and feel in reasoning, and the central will lies behind both the reasoning and the feeling. He admitted that there is a purely mathematical and scientific region of inquiry, in which the cold light of the critical intellect only is in place. But for this very

reason the data and results of such "pure" science remain abstract or incommensurate with reality. Where the object of knowledge is nature as a whole, or life as a whole, or God the Supreme Spirit, it is only personality, will and emotion as much as intellect, which must be our guide to the light. Thus, in the specific subject-matter of theology there is abundant need for the purely critical reason, judging of dates, documents, interpretation of ideas and their history; but here, again, this critical intellect must be taken into the content of the personality as a whole—willing and feeling, as well as thinking and reasoning—if the equipment of the man in his search for God is to be complete. Holland here appears equally opposed both to pragmatism and to rationalism.

Nor is the intellect purely individual, any more than the personality. Personality is at its root social, as man is a social being. It was the early perception of this social character of personality which gave Holland his profound appreciation both of the idea of the Church and of the doctrine of the Holy Trinity—God's personality being disclosed to us as in its fundamental being social, a fellowship in unity: and man's personality being found to be by no means a self-contained thing, exclusive of other selves, but a self permeated through and through by relations not only to the Supreme Personality, which is God, but to the whole human fellowship of which it forms a part. Thus it is that the Creed which is to repre-

sent the real man must be something much more than the expression of his own personal conclusions and beliefs: it must represent the mind of the historical fellowship, the mind of the Church, of which the individual is only a subordinate member.

I shall be more than satisfied if this attempt to describe the excellence of Holland as a theologian leads anyone to re-read his earliest books, *Logic and Life* and *Creed and Character*, with their extraordinary promise of a rich development, while we wait in hope for what it may be found possible to "rescue and redeem" of his maturer utterances about St. John.

C. OXON:

VI

H.S.H. AND LABOUR

ONE of the greatest privileges of my life is to have known Henry Scott Holland during the last thirty years.

Yet I find it difficult to present any adequate account of his relation to Labour. For that relation was not direct. He did not move in Labour circles; he had little contact with the masses of the people. His name and fame were great; yet I could not say that even his name was one to conjure with among the people. He could not be described as a Labour man. Eton and Oxford, a senior studentship at Christ Church, a canonry of St. Paul's, and, finally, a professorship at Oxford, are hardly the spheres in which to have contact with the labouring masses of the people. It is a lamentable fact that such Church offices seem, in most cases, to cut off their occupants from immediate contact with the workers. Nor was Scott Holland an exception. Sometimes in committee or on platform, sometimes privately, he met some of the Labour leaders; he was well informed about their movements. But he was never in and of those movements. His work as a leader of the C.S.U. brought him occasionally into investigations, and often into close touch with individuals; but yet, broadly con-

* Note that "Labour" throughout this chapter means not the Labour Party but the whole Labour Movement.

sidered, it is true to say that he viewed Labour rather from outside than from inside.

Yet, unlike nearly all dignitaries of the Church similarly placed, he seemed able to penetrate from his outer position into the innermost experiences of the Labour world. He knew all about it. This is the amazing fact. He took the true measure of the leaders. I never knew him to be mistaken. He had an intimate touch with the inward realities of Labour's plans and projects, ideals and aspirations. More, he knew of its mistakes, blunders, and wrong-headedness, of its slips, falls, and recoveries. Needless to say, he knew all about its historic origins and developments, yet, all the while, he was outside, separated from it.

THE CHRISTIAN SEER

What is the explanation? I think, I am sure, it is simply that he was a *seer*. The heart of the matter was revealed to him by his vivid sympathy, his wide knowledge, his wonderful imagination, and, above all, by his Christian outlook upon life and *into* life. This is the open secret of it all. Keir Hardie was a Labour prophet. Henry Scott Holland was a great Christian seer. Keir Hardie was born amongst the wage-earning classes, and rose high in the firmament of Labour, a brilliant constellation. Scott Holland viewed it not from its own firmament but from the heavens beyond. Keir Hardie was immanent in the Labour travail. Scott Holland entered into it, but transcended

its limitations. His insight penetrated to the inspirations, impulses, and convictions which underlie the Labour Movement, and, in spite of all its errors, constitute the great spiritual content of its cause.

He detected the growing *knowledge* among the wage-earning classes concerning the competitive industrial system, together with their sense of the social injury done to all classes by the practical working effects of that system. He perceived their inspiration towards union, co-operation, and fellowship, in place of competition, struggle, and strife. He hailed with joy their vision of society and industry, regenerated and reconstructed so as to embody the principle and idea of comradeship in service, together with the recognition of "personality" in the labourer and the necessary reformation in his position and status. He revered their conviction of the right to fuller opportunity for the training and exercise of all the faculties of body, mind, and spirit, and their consequent demand for better outward conditions (in wage, hours of labour, housing, and education) as a means to that end, viz. a happier, freer, more abundant human life and service. He understood their revolt from the remorseless pressure of modern poverty, and its ugly, withering, and destructive influence upon the soul. His sense of the divine faculty in man made him share with Labour its abhorrence of the competitive industrial system, which exploited youth, and flung its victims, when exhausted and "used up," upon the scrap heaps of society. He under-

stood their *unrest*, their revolt. Thus he writes:—

“The uncomfortable! How do they view the same facts which have made us so ‘comfy’ and contented? What is their summing up? Well, we know. . . . A vast motion has set in stormy as a working-tide, and is in possession of the whole world of Labour . . . It is sweeping the field . . . It is absolutely convinced that the one thing necessary is some sort of change—a change in the actual situation.”

He saw that the development of economic science and the knowledge thus given to Labour of the increase of riches enormously fed their spirit of revolt. He knew the harshness of their lot; and he knew also that they had seen in pre-war days “such an extravagance and riot of luxury as England had never before witnessed.” “Can we wonder then that they used that word ‘Exploitation’?”

LABOUR AND STATISTICAL SCIENCE

Like the Labour leaders themselves he studied statistical science, and waded amongst its calculations, carefully searching out the issues for himself in a way truly remarkable in a philosophical theologian. In his celebrated answer to the essay of a brother professor he arrays and piles up his facts in regard to the accumulating national wealth, which brazenly flouts the poverty in the land, in a manner worthy of Chiozza Money himself. And, in a pre-war criticism, he touches the heart of the unrest in salient sentences:—

“Yet they know that life is harder for them than

it was ten years ago. Their rise in wage has not kept pace with the rise in the price of living, and the price of living is still rising. It is rising in these very necessities of food, etc., which belong to the very heart of life."

Thus he throws in his lot with the Labour campaign at its highest and best as a movement on behalf of the poor. He makes himself the champion of the oppressed. In the same essay he cites the dreadful figures concerning the drapery girls of the West End, their struggle upon, nay *under*, a bare subsistence wage, and he collates figures concerning dock labourers in the Port of London, "who handle all this wealth, and yet labour on for all their lives in poverty."

"There are *two* nations," said Disraeli long ago in *Sybil*, "the rich and the poor." "But," writes Holland, "I would rather put it—those who are comfortable under the present situation and those who are not; those who find themselves at home in it, and those who are not. And these two nations can be roughly described as those who have, somewhere, at their back the world of Capital, and those who have behind them the world of Labour."

THE SOCIAL SYSTEM

Thus he went underneath the phenomena to the *system* which produces them. Behind all the phenomena of the sweating of labour, the "using up" recklessly of the pith and marrow of human life; the exploitation of flesh and blood, and the cruelties and inhumanity of commerce, behind and beneath the cry of Rachel for her children and infantile mortality, the strikes and lock-outs, the internecine strife of capitalism and labour,

the crises of unemployment, the desperation of the poor and the "curse" of work and over-work, and all the rest of social evils, lies that *system* of competitive industry. Out of this, the "heart" of evil, come all the phenomena of evil to which, in our pre-war epoch, we were so accustomed.

Yet he is not to be beguiled by any mere scheme of collectivist intellectualism from the path of practical reform. He sees that our immediate duty lies in education; amelioration, restriction of wrong, investigation, accumulation of knowledge of the facts, the passing of laws by which time and opportunity may be gained for further and further reformation. Here was his point of contact with reformers of many schools of thought. Yet always he brings us back to the *system* as the economic root of social evil, and he sets forth in vivid and positive conceptions the idea of a co-operative commonwealth which will reflect in its structure the ideals of our Lord Christ and His kingdom. Thus he demands that we shall "look into the very depths of our social life, and dig to the very foundations on which our moral and spiritual being stand."

Then legislation will issue, as the expression of the rising social conscience and of the common will. Laws will be made and will become operative upon the social structure; "not that legislation on such heart issues can do everything, but that without legislation nothing can be done"; for "voluntary effort is powerless against the blind pressure of mechanical economic

forces. Voluntary effort will avail only when legislation has provided for it its opportunity." So, endlessly, he makes his appeal to the social conscience and to that civic "will" which, in the last resort, is illuminated and stimulated by the spirit of Jesus Christ. "A socialism that is Christian will have Christianity in its soul," and will inspire men with the spiritual vision of a society welded together by the ties of a co-operating brotherhood, in which no man seeks his own, but every one another's good.

SOCIAL EVILS

But, meanwhile, pending this transformation of society, and the final consummation of the ideal, evils can be fought and remedies can be found here and there and everywhere. Here he is in hearty and wholesome co-operation not only with the spirit of Labour, but with its national and international ideas and programme. He defends chivalrously even the "unfit," remembering Huxley in his Romanes lecture, where he declared in emphatic language that man's part lay in traversing and reversing the cosmic process as people "who have done with this gladiatorial theory of existence," and have found that "the key lies, for us, not in the survival of the fittest but in fitting as many as possible to survive"!

THE CHILDREN OF THE NATION

Accepting this, Scott Holland's heart and intellect united to support Labour's struggle for the poor. In the case of the children he

speaks and writes, agonizes, and labours up and down England. "Only through the children can the Nation touch the spring of its own life." Hence he calls with passionate vehemence for the redemption of the growing boys and girls whose adolescence leads no whither. "We are responsible for them being unfit to survive . . . a thousand trades are sweeping up the girls and boys, and making them unfit."

As I am writing this article there is before me in my study Lady Stanley's pathetic picture of a slum lad, "His First Offence." She pictures the boy in the dock, fronting the court with upturned countenance, upon which the light falls and shows us a face of singular and appealing attractiveness and intelligence, and one's first thought is, "This would do for the boy Christ." But no! under the brightness of the face the artist, with subtle skill, has depicted the faintest shadow of sin, which, creeping onwards, will in time obliterate, in slum and vicious surroundings, and lack of outlet and of opportunity, the brightness of this dear lad's soul.

This is a symbol of what Henry Scott Holland saw, viz. that our reckless neglect of child-life meant the wreckage, body and soul, of thousands upon thousands of our lads and girls. He realized passionately the sin of society. It is *we* and not that lad who should stand in that dock; it is Jesus Christ's own Church which is responsible. "Behold the images ye have made of ME!" is said not to the nation but to the Church!

H.S.H. AND LABOUR IDEALS

As I refresh my memory of his C.S.U. and kindred labours during thirty years past, I understand better how and why he grasped hold of the whole content of the Labour Movement. His heart was so big that it took in all the pathetic human elements which give strength to the Labour cause; and his mind was so great in its range that *all* Labour's problems were marshalled before him for analysis and judgment. If I were asked, "Why then did he so often, in fact nearly always, take Labour's side?" I answer, "Because Labour's case was generally sound." Scott Holland "judged righteous judgment," as, in the awful light of the war, is now well known.

Thus he defended Labour's protest on behalf of the coloured races, for "they are determined that we shall not condescend, abroad, to any act that we should not justify at home. We are not to allow Imperial needs to override our ordinary conscience." He supported the Trade Union policy concerning war profits, for "the surrender by the Trade Unions of their right to strike could be asked only on the condition that no private interests should reap the profits." He urged the right of Labour to control Industry not simply by force of strikes from outside, but as partner and counsellor from inside. Years ago he protested against the foolish talk of Labour's critics about "black-legs" and "freedom," pointing out that the solidarity of Trade Unionism is the only

protection of the labourer from the might and oppression of capitalism. He ranges himself whole-heartedly upon the side of those who, in Labour's name, urged the wickedness of using starvation as a means of settling economic disputes. Thus he worked towards a true socialization of industry, and while rejecting for himself the name of Socialist and clinging to his old banner of "Christian Socialism," he manifested a true appreciation of the great principles to which the socialist groups of the Labour movement adhered. To him there is a religious fervour in the normal Socialist which shows that great spiritual principles are involved, and that deep spiritual motions are at work. He saw that organized Christianity has "lost possession of the heart and faith of industrial democracy," and that there is but one road of recovery, viz. that the Church should return to its own commission and its old primitive and democratic ideals.

PERSONALITY

Thus, in regard to personality, the cry of labour for a true, sound socialization of the means of life, finds its ultimate sanction in the Christian Faith. For the sacred, priceless worth of the personality can only be realized in fellowship, whether in Church or State, and that fellowship must rise up in righteous wrath at the defacing of the images of God by competitive industry. "What we have to do, then, is to moralize the market, by making human life its prime

asset." And so, in page after page of his writings, he anticipates all that has lately been written upon this great idea of the unique character of every personality, and yet of the dependence of every person upon the fellowship of mankind.

In his last great lecture at St. Mark's, Leicester, in the spring of 1917, which he entitled "The New Desire to Know," he worked out, in an hour's oration of extraordinary beauty and power, this most recent claim of the Labour prophets for the rights of personality, particularly in regard to education; thus, as it seemed to me, consummating all his prophetic teaching. For he based his thesis upon the eternal value of personality as the residence and vehicle of the Divine Wisdom, personality in which reside those "singular gifts of the Holy Ghost," over which our harsh and cruel and materialistic systems ride rough-shod, scattering to waste the precious jewels of the mind. He pleaded for *fellowship* in education, democratizing of universities that Labour might be fitted for the high functions of life, and the opening wide of their golden gates that it might enter therein and realize at last its dream of that knowledge which is power, and so achieve at last its victory over its direst foe—the *ignorance of the people*.

As I review what, to this point, I have written, I am seized afresh by a sense of its patent inadequacy to represent the innumerable points at which Holland's prophetic insight penetrated to the innermost chambers

of the Labour Movement, and saw therein the motions of the Holy Spirit. Doubtless it is for this reason that I find the subject elusive. In spite of the numberless "practical" problems in which this great Movement is envisaged to the world, it is nevertheless in its essence spiritual. For it involves a new ideal of life, or rather, an ideal for which, for centuries, the early Church contended, but which modern materialism has outraged or ignored. The essence of the Labour Movement is symbolized not realized in its economic phases and its practical claims and actions. Its essence is a turning from the despair and death of the last century, to life and hope; nay, it is itself a motion of life. It is for the renewal of mankind, for the restoration of the whole fabric of human life upon the foundations of justice, truth, and love.

Whence then can this world movement proceed but from that ETERNAL WORD which once was made flesh and dwelt among us? The spiritual power of the Labour Movement springs out of the greatest revelation ever made to man in the Incarnation of the Son of God. Such a movement of social ideals, of social reformation, and of human compassion and pity, in a word, of Love, could not have developed apart from the Christian ethic and the Christian spirit.

It was this that Henry Scott Holland saw and believed. It was this that he strove, with all his wonderful power of mind and spirit, to interpret to Labour, to Church, and to Nation.

F. LEWIS DONALDSON.

VII

H.S.H. AND A YOUNGER GENERATION

IT was always a shock to meet people who apparently were unaware of Scott Holland's greatness—of the scale of the man's mind and of the richness of his spiritual endowment. Long ago Father Waggett said, "An Order of Merit which does not include George Meredith and Scott Holland stands condemned." To some of us of a younger generation a world will always appear a little mad which did not recognize the architectonic character of a mind conspicuous for its wholeness in an age of fragmentary and confused thinking. I quote Father Waggett again, "Holland's men of straw are more formidable than other folk's men-at-arms." Again and again we verified that. No one could seize and state an opponent's case with greater insight. He could make you feel its whole weight, and would almost persuade you it was his own. "There is Holland suggesting doubts to minds where they don't exist." So it was said. Well, but the truth came up like the dawn as he caught the half-truth and transformed it in the sweep of an ampler thought. It was because he lived at the point where great waters meet and swirl that he knew the main current of the spirit, and that we learnt the sure poise of his mind. No one did we find so sensitive to the varied tones of experience. Including them all he beat

out the great rhythm of his thought. He orchestrated life for us, and other voices seemed by comparison thin and flat.

Of course it was the man himself who sealed the authenticity of his teaching. Perhaps his writings will never themselves quite secure the attention which the constructive quality of his mind deserved. They are too occasional—and may seem too much charged with the emotion proper to the preacher. But to know Scott Holland was to have your values heightened. He made you understand the words "The Life was the light of men." Life of sufficient momentum and richness is its own best interpretation. So a world of men and things which refuses its significance to listlessness and self-absorption became alive and wonderful for us as we saw it through Holland's eyes and yielded to his lead. The tempo of his spirit matched the movement of a furiously changing world. Others were interesting and authoritative in their departments. But no one—so it seemed to us—touched the whole rich experience of life at so many levels, nor so fused its perplexing variety by the force of creative imagination into something rich and strange.

We became aware of this in our childhood, when "Mr. Holland" stood for all that was most joyous in our life. His zest outpaced our own and created it anew in us. To be with him was to have a door opened into a land of beauty and movement and fun. The world sprang to life around him as in every action he proclaimed his love of it. When

he bathed with us and shot with a shout of joy into the water it was as if he was one with all natural things. When at stump cricket he flogged our best bowling with unerring eye to the boundary, and recalled the moment when as a "wet-bob" at Eton he hit the best school bowler for a century, his energy possessed him like a fury. I can still recall the romance with which he infected a walk in Switzerland when we lost our way and he only brought us back by holding our clothes above his head and fording a river breast-deep while we boys swam behind him. Movement in those days was his delight. To bicycle with him was to live at the breaking-point of pace. I can see him now sitting with an almost scornful carelessness on a fidgety horse and whooping as we tore down a grass ride at Belton. He had an extraordinary love for the English countryside; you would have said he must have broken into song. Its features were dear as a mother's to him. He always seemed by some uncanny magic of recognition to know the lie of any bit of country you showed him. The south country, especially, I think, held for him a secret of which he never tired. It turned a familiar face to him, yet always it caught a new wonder from his eyes. But indeed that is what all the world became when you were with Holland—familiar as water and rich as wine. You could not climb a bus with him without his "How much, dear?" to an astonished conductor, bringing warmth into the air. You had a meal with him and came away your mind alight with

his conversation. His very greeting was as if the world had opened to take you in. He had the astonishing gift not only of being alive but of making you feel alive. You had to be if you were to follow his rapid course—the incomparable humour, the quick tenderness, the sudden gravity. I think it was the complete absence of egotism which made his company so vivid. He never talked of himself. He would barely answer you if you asked about his health. Indeed he always spoke of his body and its ailments as if they were intrusive strangers, to be treated with scant courtesy. He was absorbed in the play of life outside himself, and therefore he had nothing of the reserve or affectation which is necessary or natural to more self-conscious people. His mind went out to inhabit the object of his thought and interest, and you were swept out of yourself in his wake. But I despair of describing the savour he brought into our lives from the beginning. It was a thing of extraordinary joy and laughter—issuing in uproarious scenes which culminated in a fainting fit from Sir Henry Acland when he was suddenly asked by Holland whether he knew the story of Brer Rabbit's outwitting of Brer Fox. Nor shall I forget the scene when we inveigled him once to "Iolanthe" and he detected in the Chorus of Peers unforeseen likenesses to contemporary members of the House of Lords.

But also he enriched us with his love of beauty. To see Holland listening to music was to catch some infection of his own emotion. It held him, I think, as nothing else

did—and nothing in one's memory is more characteristic of him than his quick gestures of delight in it. He had an astonishing knowledge of English poetry, though not, I think, a great verbal memory for it. There are parts of Wordsworth, Browning, Clough, T. E. Brown, Meredith, to name no others, which I shall always associate with him. But indeed there was hardly any experience which did not become more vivid and penetrating when you shared it with Holland—and felt it beat to his "rapid measure." And always the richness of his friendship was tempered by the moral fire which consumed him. Flippancy, meanness, arrogance could not live with him. Nothing counted with him beside the demand of holiness. There was steel in his unique tenderness. Suddenly, in the midst of the laughter and the brilliant conversation, you were aware of something unbending and ultimate, and you knew that the soldier who lived in Holland was awake. When it came to a question of right you touched the very quick of his being. Veils of cleverness or self-pity or conceit could not deceive him. I know nothing which equalled the probe of his moral judgment. His profound perception that the last issues lay in the will—a perception which, I think, carried him beyond the Idealism of his Oxford days—was what gave his mind its intense quality. He inherited to the full the beatitude of those who hunger and thirst after righteousness.

Of course, one great interest of Holland to us younger ones is that he stood in the

succession of the great Tractarians, and yet charged what he had derived from them with a new significance. Through him we recaptured the desperate adventure of those earlier times, we passed under the spell of Newman and Pusey, of Keble, Liddon, and Church. He brought to us the sense of the great heritage in the Catholic Church which they had recovered. We breathed again the awe of their worship, and recognized in him the notes of their reverence and discipline. He reiterated their solemn insistence on judgment, and in an age gone mad on self-analysis and subjectivism, he pressed like them the high claim of God and His Revelation. Yet all this was with a difference which made him the prophet for the days of our generation.

I doubt whether due recognition has been made of the extraordinary opportuneness of Holland's life and thought to the characteristic tendencies of his age. He arrived at a moment when the steadiest might be dismayed. Minds were being swept from their moorings by the new evolutionary gospel. Old categories apt to a static universe were under challenge. The deductive certainties were islanded in a stream of development. The appeal lay from authority to experience, and the jury was packed by the rationalist. The pedestals of established sanctities were found rooted in the mud of ancient superstitions. Morality was judged by survival value: religion was explained as belated magic. The life of the spirit became apologetic as naturalism expounded its lowly

origins. Moreover, Christian principles seemed to quail before the ethics of natural selection—though a desperate sentiment might still cling to a morality which found no vindication in an alien universe. *Laissez faire* individualism still seemed the height of economic wisdom—and made a welcome alliance with the doctrine of survival of the fittest. Faith, watching impotently the huge movements of industrial competition, lost its foothold in the common life of populations absorbed in the stern struggle for existence, and sought refuge in “spiritual” concerns. The great rescued doctrines of the Incarnation and the Atonement hung in the air. The Church, struggling manfully to clear its own true lineaments from the smudgings of centuries, had hardly the energy or agility to interpret and inspire the life seething round its doors. It was a fortress standing in a flood.

Into this flood Scott Holland launched out—no unwilling navigator trying to escape, but a delighted pilot. The whole set of his mind was towards a dynamic conception of the world. The categories of development he welcomed as his own. Joyfully he sought and found in the elementary instincts of the race the obscure beginnings of that movement which as the energy of faith for ever anticipates its satisfaction in God. The claim of reason he never refused—rather he disclosed the inherent condition of its exercise. Uninhabited by faith, reason does not remain intact and efficient: it falls back bankrupt—impotent to reach its own proper goal, and unable to justify its assurance.

And, on the other hand, faith for Holland was no separate faculty of blind obedience or unreasoning feeling. It is the venture of the whole person with all his faculties to prove his kinship with a universe of inexhaustible richness. It is the spirit's proper action as it seeks to close with reality and to confide in its embrace. In the nameless emotions waked from their slumber at the touch of the invading universe, in the effort of the reason to keep level with experience, above all, in the thrust of the will to verify its purpose in a responsive world, Holland hailed the activity of faith. However lowly its beginnings, however blind its early stirrings, yet the spirit of man from the start is touched with infinity. Aroused indeed it may be by the struggle for physical survival, yet, once aroused, it is possessed of its own scale of values, and by the faith which is its life it is already on the road towards the city which hath foundations, where dwell truth and goodness and beauty. In this drama of venture and trust lies the personal history of man. Holland would have us see man ever standing a-tip-toe to greet his Divine Counterpart, whose grace is already evident in the summons which has waked human faculties into life and made them for ever athirst. Deep calls to deep. Person answers to Person. So Holland picks up and re-adapts Butler's great argument. "Come up higher" is what he saw written over the whole of human history. In the recesses of age-long experience, in every movement of the evolutionary process, he detected the birth and

growth of that which is ever seeking to fashion for itself a home, and is never at home. At every successive stage of his hardly won achievement man is solicited by the Word of God in many parts and in divers manners to essay in the strength of faith a richer order, a wider liberty, a more enduring fellowship, than what he has verified at a lower level. Holland was never daunted by the huge cost, the terrifying set-backs of this untiring advance. He had no satisfaction in smooth ideal constructions, or mere logical systems. No one perceived more imaginatively the arrests which confuse the march of man's spirit, nor penetrated more vividly the spirit's own suicidal failure. But all this only threw into relief in his mind the central and decisive drama. In himself he represented to us the faith which inhabits human reason and desire and which flings the soul out of all rationalist rest-houses to prove in the profusion of the universe the wisdom and the love of God.

I think it was his unclouded realism, united with his discernment of the dynamic character of faith, which made him so supreme a master of the Bible. I can hear the precise tones of Dr. Moberly's voice saying "In the whole range of literature Holland stands unique as an interpreter of the Bible." Anyone who can dare to call him a sentimentalist should ponder again the almost terrifying candour with which he portrayed the travail of revelation, the birth-pangs of the gospel, the growing-pains of the Church. The Old and the New Testaments sprang to

life under his hand. You gasped as he led you to the edge over which again and again the soul—the faith of the ages—the very Kingdom of God—threatened to plunge into irrecoverable ruin. By no short cuts, by no easy evasion, would he lead us into the patience and peace of God's purpose. He shared all the prevailing suspicion of his age to a priori methods. It was his faithfulness to fact and to the process of history which gave such colour and actuality to his apprehension of faith's function and scope.

And equally it was in the facts of human experience and development that he found the evidence which anticipates the advent of the supernatural. He was a great theologian because he was a great humanist. He was a prophet of the supernatural precisely because he gave such full value to the natural. His profound analysis of faith's implicit logic, his perception of the growth of purposive will as the central issue of the natural order, his passionate sense of that same will's failure, yea, his very loyalty to reason, all led him like stars to Bethlehem—to the imminent disclosure which fulfils and redeems and liberates.

In the Word made Flesh Holland acknowledged that which all along calls man up from the animal level and elicits his distinctive humanity by the million voices of experience, by the pressure of the outer world, by the fostering of society, by the discovered values of personality, and by the tragedy of moral impotence. He insisted that man is never so much man as when he

is possessed and empowered by what is more than man. Nature never discovers its purpose nor attains mastery of itself within the limits of itself. Always when it becomes conscious and articulate in man its splendour and poverty assert their ceaseless contradiction. Cruelly finite it is filled with infinite longings. Struggling for wholeness it knows itself unhealed. For ever gathering its swarming impulses under the regency of personal will, it knows the palsy of divided purpose. "Lord, show the light of Thy countenance, and we shall be whole." Thus, Holland taught that the entry of the supernatural is not to supersede but to fulfil and enfranchise the natural. In the untainted manhood of the Son nature is made the scene of that Act of the Eternal by which man is released into the liberty of the children of God. The Incarnation—with its issue in Atonement—was for Holland the key of the past and of the future. We learnt from him how great a liberation a dogmatic Creed might be. Through its portals his whole being passed into the worship which, as he ever proclaimed, fulfilled both the reason of the wise and the heart of the wayfaring.

And it was in the language of the Creed that he found the charter of social deliverance. He was a great humanist because he was a great theologian. The Kingdom of God—supernatural—apocalyptic (he gave full value to the term)—he announced as no flying dream, haunting and mocking the life of actual experience, but as a power plunged down within the play of circumstances, in

the thick of the world's most obdurate happenings. Here it is laying its foundations, pushing out its frontiers. I think no one could be more clear-sighted than Holland to the complexity and recalcitrance of the material in which the Divine purpose has to achieve its victory. No one was less of a mere idealist. His invincible hopefulness was instinct with candour. No one was more insistent that within the given limitations of the concrete situation we were to follow the Spirit's tireless working. No one brought to bear on sentimental counterfeits of the Kingdom a more searching moral judgment. And always he measured the range of corporate capacity by the vigour of the individual soul. Those who think he was a rhetorical chaplain to King Demos have taken strangely little account of his candour towards democracy's weaknesses. But he was one of the few in his generation who resisted the "mental deterioration" of those who on one side or the other have kept religion and politics in particularist compartments—to the detriment of both.

He unceasingly sought for the organic connexion between the many levels and needs of the human life. He refused all static abstractions, and broke through the barriers behind which the specialized interests of man's soul seek to entrench themselves. He proclaimed the autonomy of the Spirit. Over the wide domain of struggling and separated humanity he blew the trumpet of God.

E. K. TALBOT.

VIII

THE LOGIC OF FAITH

TO us, for whom with Holland 'there has passed away a glory from the earth,' there is a double difficulty in speaking or writing of our loss.

He had a genius for friendship. Perhaps no man ever was to so many men the one man in the world. And, though to every man he was different, to every man he was simply himself. We can only speak of him as he showed himself to us, and with a feeling, which we cannot avoid, that it was pre-eminently his real self that showed itself to us.

And again as he showed himself to us he showed at once such a manifold, one might almost say such a multitudinous, personality, that it is impossible to know where to begin, and a personality so simple, so whole, that it defies analysis and description.

Will his friends forgive me then if I say what I am asked to say of him, professing to speak of him only as he showed himself to me, and if I venture too boldly in attempting to feel after the principle that underlay and that accounts for at once the multiform variety and the sheer simplicity of the man we knew and loved?

The prophet of the intellectual world of our day at Oxford was T. H. Green. To

Green philosophy was a passion, and to those who came under the influence of his teaching, as Holland did, the passion for the truth became a second nature. But in his case this influence seemed only to evoke and to stimulate the native impulse of his own mind. I remember his telling me that, when he made up his mind to be ordained, he wrote to Green to express his fear that this step would break the sympathy between teacher and pupil, and that Green had replied repudiating any such feeling. The dividing line was that between the man to whom philosophy was a religion and the man to whom religion was a philosophy, an all-pervading and comprehensive theory of life. What was the root principle for him of the religion which was his philosophy of life?

I first saw Holland, and heard him speak, at a meeting, in the Hall of University College, in connexion with the starting of the 'Church Society' of those days, with Mr. George Russell in the chair. I remember one fragmentary phrase only from his speech, and I cannot answer for the exact verbal accuracy of my remembrance of that. The fragmentary phrase, as I remember it, was—'If God be, as he pre-eminently is, the intellectual life of the world——'

During the forty years and more that have passed since then I have scarcely had a thought on the eternal things which I have not mentally referred to him or actually shared with him. And I believe that frag-

mentary phrase, caught and kept by some freak of memory, represents what I, at any-rate, in this hour of loss, am irresistibly impelled to feel after and to find, the intellectual principle that underlay his life.

It was a principle in the sense that it was a conviction, but it was first a principle in the sense that it was an instinct, the instinct of faith—for to him faith was reason and reason was faith—the faith that, however dimly it apprehends God, feels after him with the instinctive assurance of the Divine life at its heart, the assurance that it will find Him; the faith that casts itself upon Him in the venture of an unhesitating surrender, and, having found Him and given itself to Him, is carried on, by the perpetual welling up within of the same spontaneous and irresistible force of faith, to find Him afresh in every region of thought and experience, so that life is full of the joy of a perpetual discovery, a perpetual revelation.

He has described it himself *—

‘In what then does reason begin? How should we describe the act from which it issues?

‘It is an act, a movement, by which the inner man, that soul and substance of all the thoughts and all the feelings that express him, steps forward, at the touch of an outward world, and asserts his kinship, his alliance, his union, his communion with that which has advanced to meet him from without. He recognizes it, he welcomes it, he runs out to fall, as it were, into the ready

* *Logic and Life*, p. 34.

embraces of a brother: he lets himself go in confidence and security, as a bird that drops from branch or tower upon the large and steady spaces of the enfolding air: he leaps with a free spirit into these moving waters of encircling life, and lo! as with hands they receive him, as with arms they uplift him, and in the hollows of their deep bosom he finds himself carried and at peace.

‘Now what word have we by which to describe an act at once so presumptuous and yet so trustful; what word if it be not the word “Faith”?’

‘Faith,’ he said elsewhere,* ‘is an elemental energy of the soul,’ and of this elemental energy Holland was the living embodiment, and in describing it he is describing at once his own deepest spiritual experience, and the fundamental principle of his thought on things human and divine.

For the life that was in this faith, and the object towards which it was drawn, were Divine. ‘Does† all thinking hang on an act of faith? Can it be true that we never attain to intellectual apprehension unless the entire man in us throws his spirit forward with a willing confidence, with an unflinching trust, into an adventurous movement; unless the entire man can bring himself to respond to a summons from without, which appeals to him by some instinctive touch of a strange and unknown kinship to rely on its attraction, to risk all on the assumption of its reality?’

* *Lux Mundi*, p. 8.

† *Logic and Life*, p. 38.

‘A touch of kinship! Yes, kinship alone could so stir faith: and the call therefore to which it responds must issue from a Will as living, as personal as itself. Ah! surely, then, “God is in this place, and I knew it not.” From the first dawn of our intelligent activity we move under the mighty breath of One higher and lordlier than we wot of: we walk in the high places, we are carried we know not whither.’

Or, again, in the article on Faith in *Lux Mundi**—

‘Faith grounds itself, solely and wholly, on an inner and vital relation of the soul to its source. This source is most certainly elsewhere; it is not within the compass of the soul’s own activity. In some mode, inconceivable and mysterious, our life issues out of an impenetrable background, and as our life includes spiritual elements, that background has spiritual factors: and as our life is personal, within that background exists personality. This supply of life, in which we begin, from out of which our being opens, can never cease, so long as we exist, to sustain us by one continuous act. Ever its resources flow in: ever its vital support is unwithdrawn. In some fashion or other, we all know that this must be so; and the Christian Creed only lifts into clear daylight, and endows with perfect expression, this elementary and universal verity, when it asserts that at the very core of each man’s being lies, and lives, and moves, and works, the creative energy of

* p. 13.

the Divine Will—the Will “of our Father which is in Heaven.” We stand by the necessities of our existence, in the relationship of sons to a Father, who has poured out into us and still pours the vigour of His own life. This is the one basis of all faith.’

It is no part of my very limited purpose to follow the working of this spontaneous elemental energy of faith out into all the regions of Holland’s thought and life. Most vital perhaps to a true picture of his spiritual life, and a true record of his thought, would be the four addresses on the Sacrifice of the Cross, included in *Logic and Life*. He starts from the ‘Sacrifice of Innocence,’ * ‘the symbolic act of a discovery; the discovery by the creature of his Creator. Even if no dividing sin had ever severed man and God, still religion would consist in the joy of self-dedication, the joy of homage, the joy of an offering, the joy of a sacrifice. There would still be the altar and still the priest; an altar of joy and gladness, and thanksgiving, and praise; a High Priest, royal, enthroned, wonderful in blessing, after the order of Melchizedek, ever living and supreme.’

And so he asks—

‘What † if, as some suppose, He the Perfect God and Perfect Man, the dear Lord we love, would have at last entered in upon that blessed and sinless human life, to make, in it, the pure sacrifice of unalloyed, unchecked, untainted praise, Himself the one and only Priest, moving to the altar of that

* *Logic and Life*, p. 108.

† *ib.* p. 109.

delightful offering, without a wound, without a pang, without a tear, without a sorrow, in the fullness of an exultant love, which rose in joy to meet the unbroken joy with which God for ever pronounced all to be very good!’

The passionate sense of sin, the passionate apprehension of redeeming love, both so vital to our remembrance of Holland’s spiritual temper, find expression in ‘The Sacrifice of the Fallen’ and ‘The Sacrifice of the Man.’

‘Sin * has traversed the primal, the essential, service that man is made to render to his God: for is not sin just this, a lack of loyalty, a failure of allegiance? . . . The change then has cut right into the heart of man’s worship: his homage is no longer true.’ . . .

‘Yet † the homage is still due: God still looks for it. How can it be given?’ . . .

‘Let ‡ him cry aloud, “Behold, O my God, Lord of the spirits of all flesh. Behold I know myself, now in the pangs of the death which has caught me in its toils, I know myself to be dead when I fall from Thee. I have tasted the bitter anguish of severance from Thy service. I feel it to be death. I have endured it, and confess it to be torment; and now I bring before Thee my acceptance, my recognition of this inevitable law. I lay out, I hold up, I plead, I offer, I sacrifice to Thee my own sense of this death, my own intense unutterable abhorrence of this separation into whose gulf I

* *Logic and Life*, p. 112.

† *ib.* p. 113.

‡ *ib.* p. 115.

sink. I die, O God, in severing myself from Thy living name. Yet, lo, I abhor the death I die. And my abhorrence of this sin in which I perish is the measure of my sense of the allegiance due to Thee alone."

'So let him cry; so let him plead; and the offering of his death would itself become a pledge that the true loyalty of heart had been refound. Allegiance would be recovered; the act of homage would be once more complete. But, alas, who of men can make that offering?' . . .

'Unless * it may be that there shall stand one day upon our earth One, clothed in our flesh, a man with blood, and bones, and body, such as we ourselves have, a man with all the fullness of human passion, and human imagination, with all the weakness of human ills and human losses; one who shall yet retain amid the pressure and strain of this sorrowful and perishing humanity the intense whiteness of a sinless spirit; such a one, and such a one alone, could bring before God the pure and perfect offering, the proof of a recovered loyalty. Such a one, seeing as He would see the unveiled holiness, the eternal righteousness of God, might indeed be sensitive to the full passion of an overwhelming contrition, might, indeed, plead before God a heart which the sight of what sin is had verily broken.

'Blessed be the Most High, such a one has come! He has made the one offering of His own death in which the sense of penitence found adequate expression.'

* *ib.* p. 119.

And so follows 'The Sacrifice of the Redeemed.' Once more in Him we can make our offering—

'How* wonderful! This breathing frame, this living network in which I feel myself alive, this sensible warm motion, this quickening flow of impulses, this swelling flood of aspiration, this tingling quiver of joy, this stir of sensitive passion, this delicious movement, all this which I know to be myself and name by my own name, and belong to, and am, all this, so close, so familiar, so intimate, is a holy thing, acceptable to God, that peculiar offering in which He finds Himself well pleased.'

I can but touch on his vindication of the vital connexion between the life of faith in the individual and the corporate life of the Church.

He starts † from the principle embodied in the tradition of English nationality that 'a man's individuality must have its roots in some wide fellowship.'

'Here, then, in nationality we have the surest evidence that the deepest, the most radical elements in man are not individual but corporate; not solitary but social.

'And faith, . . . man's faith in God, is much deeper and more radical than all else. Down in the innermost heart of hearts lies the source and root of faith; he cannot be surprised, therefore, to find that faith too bears this social and corporate character. . . . Christian faith cannot be a solitary affair of the isolated individual man; it cannot by

* *Logic and Life*, p. 139.

† *Creed and Character*, p. 76.

the necessary and essential law of its being. . . . Its object, God Himself, is no self-contained Being, living to Himself alone. He . . . finds His life in an eternal intercourse. He is not a solitary God, who chooses to enter into relations with other creatures created for that purpose. His Godhead itself consists, from all eternity, in personal relations, such as express themselves in the family and the home—it consists in the communion of Person with Person, in the interpretation of Person by Person, in the identification, through the vital bond of love, of Person with Person.

‘The God on whom faith fixes itself, then, is social; the Absolute Life is in its very essence a life of community, of combination, of co-operation. And the faith which is fed from such a source, which is inbreathed by the Spirit of Divine Union, that Spirit of Love whose being is knit up into the Being of the Father and the Son—that Spirit which proceedeth out of that blessed home in heaven to build a new home on earth for God the Father among His children, for God the Brother in the midst of His brethren—such a faith cannot but be social and corporate to its very core. . . . And, therefore, Christ our Master never imagined a faith which should not include and involve a Church.’

To readers of *The Commonwealth* it is familiar ground how the faith in the Incarnation thus developed found a natural field in all the efforts for social redemption to which the Christian Social Union pointed

the way. And I will not attempt further to follow out the development of Holland's fundamental thought.

I am concerned only to claim that in all the experiences of inspiration and help which God has given to those who have known Holland as a friend, the perpetual contact with the living spring of the elemental energy of faith has been the gift for which we should thank God above all, the inspiration which it should be our endeavour not to lose now that the visible and tangible presence is withdrawn.

'Follow * the gleam!

'Follow "the light that never was on sea or land."

'Follow the quest that is never fulfilled.

'Follow the gleam beyond the ocean margin and the confines of the world.

'There is a light which flashes and is gone, and yet survives. There is a light which eludes but never deceives. There is a light which guides as it flies. There is a light which comes only to those who seek in the night, and can feel after what they cannot find, and can still nurse "the unconquerable hope," and can never lose heart. There is a light which is ever in motion and can be retained only by moving with it. There is a light which is always just ahead of where you stand. You must follow if you would arrive; and the following must never cease.'

'There † is a better thing yet to be done than has ever been attempted. The earth can be far fairer than it has ever entered into

* *Vital Values*, p. 24.

† *ib.* p. 27.

your heart as yet to conceive. There are visions about; there are cries and calls in the night. The leprosy of the world is once again flinging itself at the feet of the Church of Christ with its old impetuous beseechings that cannot be stayed or silenced, "Lord, if Thou wilt Thou canst make me clean." That man possessed of the legion of devils is savage as of old and must be saved. There can be no pause, no rest, no folding of the hands. Until the very end of the days there will be so much more to do than we have ever allowed Him even to begin. There will be Epiphanies to keep: feasts of the flying lights; feasts of the passing vision; feasts of the hope still unreleased from the womb; feasts of the forward onset.'

"Follow the gleam."

As I write the words I can hear his voice ringing them out under the dome of St. Paul's.

It is almost more pathetic in these darker days to recall the gay laughter, the irrepressible joy with which he mocked at the burden of the boredom of life under which we used to groan. 'I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree.'* Alas the clouds are darker and the burden heavier now, and 'the challenge of an Eternal Pilgrimage' sounds in our ears from the lips of one whom the Eternal Pilgrimage has withdrawn from sight and sense. But the challenge of his laughter and his joy may still help us in these dark and heavy days to look up and lift up our heads.

* *A Bundle of Memories*, p. 261.

I look back along many vistas of memory—the first gathering of friends at Brighstone for common thought and prayer in what he called ‘the Holy party,’ repeated year after year elsewhere, and reproduced afterwards in the gatherings of the *Lux Mundi* company at Longworth; the first beginnings of the Christian Social Union in his study at Amen Court; the little meetings at an earlier date at Oxford of the small society which anticipated the aims of the C.S.U.; the many talks through many years on St. John’s Gospel; the evening hours when he liked one to read aloud to him; the country walks, and his joy in all the lovely things in God’s world; the talks on books and poetry and art which took one always along new paths of delight; the common prayers in which we joined with him, whether when he pleaded at the altar, laying before God, through the One Sacrifice, the wide needs, the bowed worship of humanity, or in the gathering of his household in the little room at Christ Church when the inner light of devotion flashed out in the words and in the voice—all these memories are haunted not only by the visible presence of the friend whom I loved, but by the spiritual presence of one who lived intensely because he lived towards God. It was the ‘elemental faith’ in him which made difficulty and trouble and anxiety a different thing when we had spoken of them to him. He radiated faith and hope. His memory is a memory of joy. We must not allow our lives to be saddened by his loss. That would be to be unworthy

of the gift which God has given us. Let us thank God for the gift. Life would have been a different thing to us without it. Life must be a different thing to us henceforth because of it. Let us think of him not as he was but as he is. Our imagination cannot picture the progress, phase by phase, of that life beyond the veil. We would not attempt it if we could. Only we know that he mounts higher and ever higher, nearer and ever nearer to the goal of his soul's desire. Only we know that wave upon wave the new light breaks upon him, and that he greets it with awe and humility but with exultant joy, and that for him our prayer is ever answered, 'Let perpetual light shine upon him!'

WILFRID RICHMOND.

IX

A FINAL APPRECIATION

BY the death of Henry Scott Holland a great light is quenched, or, to use more Christian language, is merged in "the true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

Light is the idea with which my beloved friend is inseparably associated in my mind. His nature had all the attributes of light—its revealing power, its cheerfulness, its salubrity, its beauty, its inconceivable rapidity. He had the quickest intellect that I have ever known. He saw with a flash into the heart of an argument or a situation. He diffused joy by his own joy in living; he vanquished morbidity by his essential wholesomeness; whatever he touched became beautiful under his handling. "He was not that Light, but was sent to bear witness of that Light," and bore it for seventy years by the mere force of being what he was. My friendship with Dr. Holland began in my second term at Oxford, and has lasted without a cloud or a break from that day to this. He was then twenty-five years old, and was already a conspicuous figure in the life of the University. In 1866 he had come up from Eton to Balliol with a high reputation for goodness and charm, but with no report of

special cleverness. He soon became extremely popular in his own college and outside it. He rowed and played games and sang, and was recognized as a delightful companion wherever he went. But all the time a process of mental development was going on, of which none but his intimate friends were aware. "I owe nothing to Jowett," he was accustomed to say, "everything to Green." From that great teacher he caught his Hegelian habit of thought, his strong sense of ethical and spiritual values, and that practical temper which seeks to apply moral principles to the problems of actual life. In 1870 came the great surprise, and Holland, who had no pretensions to scholarship, and whose mental development had only been noticed by a few, got a First Class of unusual brilliancy in the searching school of *Literae Humaniores*. Green had triumphed; he had made a philosopher without spoiling a Christian. Christ Church welcomed a born Platonist, and made him Senior Student, Tutor, and Lecturer.

Holland had what Tertullian calls the *anima naturaliter Christiana*, and it had been trained on the lines of the Tractarian Movement. When he went up to Oxford he destined himself for a diplomatic career, but he now realized his vocation to the priesthood, and was ordained deacon in 1872 and priest two years later. He instantly made his mark as a preacher. Some of the sermons preached in the parish churches of Oxford in the earliest years of his ministry

stand out in my memory among his very best. He had all the preacher's gifts—a tall, active, and slender frame, graceful in movement, vigorous in action, abundant in gesture; a strong and melodious voice, and a breathless fluency of speech. Above all, he spoke with an energy of passionate conviction which drove every word straight home. He seemed a young apostle, on fire with zeal for God and humanity. His fame as an exponent of metaphysic attracted many hearers who did not usually go much to Church, and they were accustomed—then as later—to say that here was a Christian who knew enough about the problems of thought to make his testimony worth hearing. Others, who cared not a rap for Personality or Causation, Realism or Nominalism, were attracted by his grace, his eloquence, his literary charm. His style was entirely his own. He played strange tricks with the English language, heaped words upon words, strung adjective to adjective; mingled passages of Ruskinian description with jerky fragments of modern slang. These mannerisms grew with his growth, but in the seventies they were not sufficiently marked to detract from the pure pleasure which we enjoyed when we listened to his preaching as to “a very lovely song.”

Judged by the canons of strict art, Holland was perhaps greater as a speaker than as a preacher. He differed from most people in this—that whereas most of us can restrain ourselves better on paper than when we are speaking, his pen ran away with him when

he was writing a sermon, but on a platform he could keep his natural fluency in bounds. Even then, he was fluent enough in all conscience; but he did not so overdo the ornaments, and the absence of a manuscript and a pulpit-desk gave ampler scope for oratorical movement.

I have mentioned Holland's intellectual and moral debt to T. H. Green. I fancy that, theologically and politically, he owed as much to Mr. Gladstone. The older and the younger man had a great deal in common. They both were "patriot-citizens of the Kingdom of God"; proud and thankful to be members of the Holy Church Universal, and absolutely satisfied with that portion of the Church in which their lot was cast; passionate adherents of the Sacramental theology; and yet, in their innermost devotion to the doctrine of the Cross, essentially Evangelical. In politics they both worshipped freedom: they both were content to appeal to the popular judgment; and they both were heart and soul for the Christian cause in the East of Europe. Holland had been brought up by Tories, but in all the great controversies of 1866-1894 he followed the Gladstonian flag with the loyalty of a good soldier and the faith of a loving son.

When in 1884 Gladstone appointed Holland to a Canonry at St. Paul's, the announcement was received with an amount of interest which is not often bestowed upon ecclesiastical promotions. Everyone felt that it was a daring experiment to place

this exuberant prophet of the good time coming at what Bishop Lightfoot called "the centre of the world's concourse." Would his preaching attract or repel? Would the "philosophy of religion," which is the perennial interest of Oxford, appeal to the fashionable or businesslike crowd which sits under the dome? Would his personal influence reach beyond the precincts of the Cathedral into the civil and social and domestic life of London? Would the Maurician gospel of human brotherhood and social service—in short, the programme of the Christian Social Union—win the workers to the side of orthodoxy? These questions were answered according to the idiosyncrasy or bias of those to whom they were addressed, and they were not settled when, twenty-seven years later, Holland returned from St. Paul's to Oxford. Indeed, several answers were possible. On one point only there was an absolute agreement among those who knew, and this was that the Church in London had been incalculably enriched by the presence of a genius and a saint.

In one respect, perhaps, Holland's saintliness interfered with the free action of his genius. His insight, unerring in a moral or intellectual problem, seemed to fail him when he came to estimate a human character. His own life had always been lived on the highest plane, and he was in an extraordinary degree "unspotted from the world." His tendency was to think—or at any rate to speak and act—as if everyone were as simply good as himself, as transparent, as

conscientious, as free from all taint of self-seeking. This habit, it has been truly said, "disqualifies a man in some degree for the business of life, which requires for its conduct a certain degree of prejudice"; but it is pre-eminently characteristic of those elect and lovely souls,

"Who, through the world's long day of strife,
Still chant their morning song."

The foregoing paragraphs, written in haste as soon as Dr. Holland died, were published in the *Church Family Newspaper*, and afterwards reproduced in *Prime Ministers and Some Others*,* and are (by kind permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin) reprinted here, because I do not know how better to describe those aspects of his character which they touch. But I am asked to supplement them with some further impressions of this loved and honoured friend; and these impressions, though they concern matters of less importance, may perhaps help to give a completer notion of the man.

1. He was the best company in the world. That extraordinary quickness of intellect, which I mentioned above, was never more notable than in ordinary society. Whatever was the subject under discussion—religion, or philosophy, or politics, or books, or music, or art—Holland flew instantly into the very heart of the matter; brightened it if it was dull; lightened it if it was heavy;

* *Prime Ministers and Some Others*. A Book of Reminiscences. By the Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell. (T. Fisher Unwin, 1918.)

thrilled with its pathos if it was pathetic; sparkled with responsive fun if it was either broadly or subtly humorous. To say that his own contribution to the discussion was vivid is only another way of saying that it was his; but he had a faculty, not always found in brilliant people, of communicating his own brilliancy to the whole circle, and dispersing dreariness as the sunshine disperses fog.

2. People who only knew the terrible and exhausting earnestness with which in the pulpit he preached "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come," were amazed when they found, in personal contact, that he was alive to his finger-tips with fun. It bubbled and seethed in him; it spoke as clearly through his twinkling eyes as in his ringing laugh; it uttered itself as freely by his pen as by his tongue. The humour of a situation, of a character, of a phrase—even of a word—would throw him into a transport of infectious merriment; and there was literally no one in my whole circle of acquaintance on whom I could so confidently rely for an instantaneous appreciation of what had amused oneself. Sympathy in fun is rarer than sympathy in sorrow.

3. In striking and pathetic contrast to the limitations of his last years, stands out in memory the physical vision of his early manhood. He had the unmistakable look and bearing of the man who has lived much in the open air, who has delighted in sports and exercises, and who feels the joy of life in every nerve. Though from the first I

recognized him as an intellectual king, there was not, in his aspect or demeanour, the very slightest trace of the prig, the pedant, or even the professional student. He was "a young good man" (which gives quite a different sense from "a good young man"), bridling his life, and yet enjoying it to the full. In 1902, when his activity had begun to diminish, he wrote to me—"I did feel frightfully, at one time, the loss of all physical adventure, and the fun and daring of games. But I have got over that now, only by settling down into a 'mild despair'!"

4. I have already said in general terms what I feel about his intellect. If I am asked to say in what particular forms it manifested itself most strikingly, I should say in criticism and characterization. I had better leave his metaphysic on one side, although beyond question it was the region in which he felt most at home, and in which, according to competent judges, he most clearly showed his quality. Henry Sidgwick's gibe about "the right kind of bosh" rises unbidden to my lips. I recall the tone of sarcastic incredulity in which Mr. Gladstone once asked Holland, who had been extolling T. H. Green, "And pray what did you get from him?" I do not recall Holland's reply: and I think it best to let the question remain unanswered.

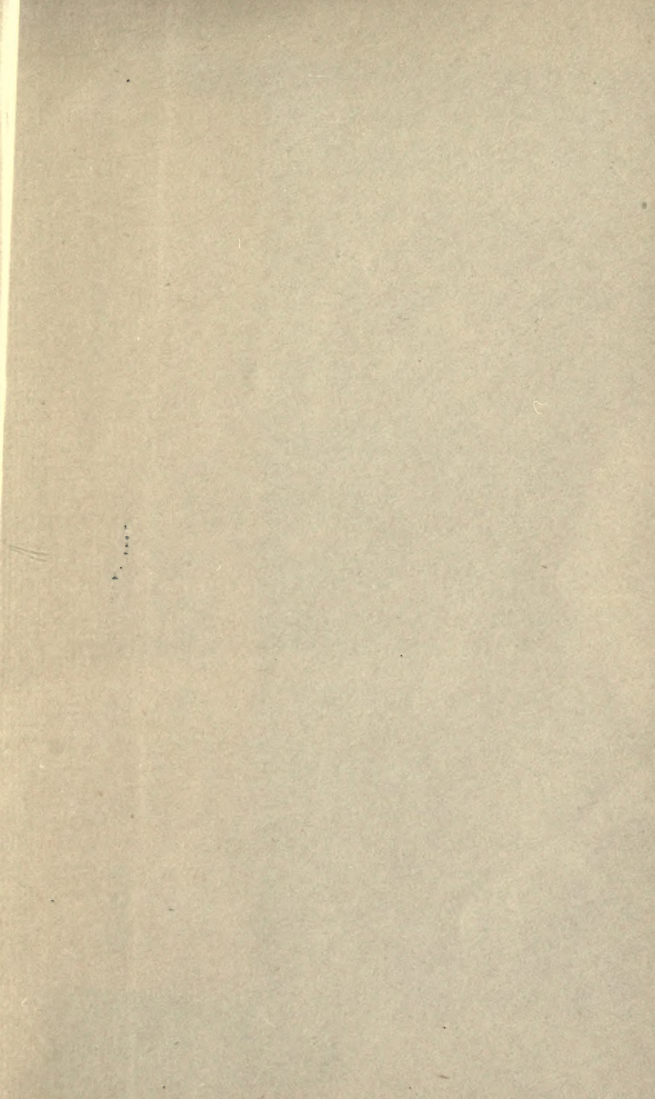
For a similar reason—my own deficiency—I forbear to say what Holland was, or might have done, in the world of music. Yet his intense appreciation of it always made me feel that, if he had given his life

to it, he might have been very great as an executant, or even perhaps as a composer. In music his innermost soul seemed to find vent. I remember once, at the "Broadlands Conference" to have heard a negress preach. When her spiritual emotions overcame her, she suddenly exclaimed—"But, Oh! it's too beautiful. I can't say it so as to make you understand, I'll sing it"—and burst out into a strangely plaintive solo. In the same way I have sometimes felt that, as Newman said, "earthly words are indeed all worthless to minister to such high anticipations" as Holland's prophetic soul entertained, and that he might have revealed himself more easily in music than in speech.

But I turn from conjecture to surer ground, when I record my judgment that in the delicacy and keenness of his literary criticism, and in his power of drawing a character which he admired, he had no equal among contemporary men of letters.

Mr. Gladstone once wrote, with reference to the memory of his dearest friend, James Hope-Scott—"I can scarcely tear myself from the fascination of writing about him." Something of the same feeling possesses me, when I think of what we have lost in Scott Holland. In the keen sense of loss there is always some peril of over-statement; but I am uttering the words of truth and soberness when I say that we who mourn him will always recall his influence as one of the moral forces which has done most to quicken our consciences and lift our lives.

G. W. E. RUSSELL.





450642

HEcE.B
H

Holland, Henry Scott
Cheshire, Christopher (ed.)
Henry Scott Holland.

DATE.

NAME OF BORROWER.

University of Toronto Library

DO NOT
REMOVE
THE
CARD
FROM
THIS
POCKET

Acme Library Card Pocket
LOWE-MARTIN CO. LIMITED

